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CHRONICLE.

THE return of Mr. FURNESS, the Separatist candidate, at Hartlepool, by a majority of not quite three hundred, sent the Gladstonians to the meeting of Parliament on Thursday in the most exuberant of spirits. Mr. GLADSTONE, indeed, is so transported that he thinks a majority vastly reduced from that which he used to command in Hartlepool "reduces to dust and ashes" the proceedings in the Divorce Court, in Committee Room No. 15, and elsewhere. But a meeting of Parliament without a QUEEN'S Speech always seems to be a maimed rite, and scarcely anything was done. In the Peers Lords SANDFORD and IVEAGH took their seats, Lord SALISBURY gave some information about the course of business, and the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH (still sitting as such, and speaking on his Children's Insurance Bill) was warmly greeted. In the Commons Mr. COBB, with the characteristic taste of the party to which he belongs, wanted to know about the Duke of BEDFORD's death. What conceivable business the public—when legal formalities have been, as they apparently were in this case, duly fulfilled—has with the circumstances of the death either of a duke or a dustman we do not know. But then we are not Radicals. Mr. PARNELL gave a notice of motion, in his capacity of leader of the Nationalist party, and there was talk on Scotch private Bills.

There had been much political speaking this week as a preliminary to the opening of Parliament. On Monday Sir HENRY JAMES spoke (very well) at Bury, and Mr. COURTNEY discussed State Intervention in Commerce at Bradford; while no less than three representatives of the "spending departments"—Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, Mr. BRODRICK, and Mr. FORWOOD—discussed the critics of their much-criticized business with the more or less mild air of pitying protest which belongs to your official, be he a Tory, a Whig, or a moderate man, on such occasions. Heavier metal still opened fire on Tuesday, Mr. GOSCHEN speaking at Maidstone, and Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH at Bristol, while the LORD ADVOCATE addressed a meeting at Preston. On Wednesday Lord SALISBURY, still increasing the fire, made one of his liveliest speeches at Cambridge, pointed out to Separatist journalists that they have been simply lying (though, of course, he did not use such a rude word) for some weeks past, in saying that he advised any one to put money on Mr. PARNELL, reviewed the Irish situation with much humour, and enraged Gladstonians almost to the pitch of making them forget Hartlepool, by estimating the respective weight of Mr. PARNELL's and Mr. GLADSTONE's word. For ourselves we cannot go quite so far as Lord SALISBURY. We know from Mr. PARNELL's own sworn admission that he sometimes does not choose to tell the truth; and we know from the observation of years that Mr. GLADSTONE on many occasions cannot tell the truth if he would. The veracity or mendacity of two persons so constituted is, in default of independent evidence, incommensurable, and is best left unmeasured.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. A new Black Mountain expedition is announced from India. To the unlearned and ignorant it would seem much simpler to establish once for all control over the particular district and those beyond it, instead of perpetually nibbling in this fashion.—Difficulties (it is to be hoped invented) were reported at the end of last week between Prince FERDINAND of Bulgaria and M. STAMBOULOFF.—The intelligent M. LAUR, on Saturday last, gave the French Ministry a triumph by objecting to the gold loan between the Banks of England and France. M. ROUVIER, in reply, had no diffi-

culty in showing that the danger which the Bank of France helped to avert would have been as much a danger to itself as to the English institution, and that France thus got the advantage of a wise and the credit of a pretty action at the same time; a view which the Chamber very sensibly endorsed by 419 to 29.—A little more was heard about the origin of the Chilian revolution. It would appear that President BALMACEDA had been behaving very much after the fashion of South American presidents generally, but not so much after that of politicians among the "English of the Pacific." The fleet seems to have gone almost solid against him; but what is a fleet, especially in days of steam, to do, with no *pied-à-terre*? If, as was reported later, some land troops have joined, things will, of course, be very different. It has been sensibly enough remarked that England ought to have some naval strength on the spot; and unluckily our Pacific squadron happens to be absent (and to be wanted) in waters nearer Behring Strait. It is understood that a portion of it has been spared, and, indeed, Mr. BLAINE's recent talk has been comparatively conciliatory.—Elaborate accounts from Portuguese and English sources respectively appeared at last in the newspapers of Tuesday morning concerning the Manicaland dispute. We put them through some sifting elsewhere, and we suspect that both want a good deal of independent "controlling." Amid a great amount of talk on the difficulty, one satisfactory and known fact is that Lord SALISBURY will not again run the risk of having an agreement thrown on his hands after completion, and that the Cortes will have to make up their minds to approve any treaty which is to be presented to Great Britain.—It was asserted on Tuesday that the Indian difficulty in North America is at an end. The very next day, however, there was reported a treacherous attack by whites on an Indian chief coming in to surrender; and the end is probably not yet.—M. RIBOT made a rather sensible speech on Monday in reference to the French commercial treaties.—A demand has been made by Russia through the German Agent at Sofia (for Russia is not too proud to communicate indirectly with Bulgaria) for the surrender of certain Nihilists. In this there may be nothing or a good deal.—The Republican Government in Brazil, which had got the finances of the *ci-devant* Empire into a very great mess, has been modified by a Ministerial crisis, which, as the PRESIDENT has usually been thought better than his Ministers, has rather restored than impaired confidence.

Freedom shrieked at New Tipperary last Friday week; the heroes of that uncomfortable city being actually seized for rent by their unnatural anti-Parnellite patrons.—Mr. PARNELL held another of his Sunday progresses at the beginning of the week; this time to and at Tralee. He was more pugnacious and better received than ever, while his audience, we note with pain and horror, spoke of Mr. GLADSTONE as a "woman," as an "old woman," as an "old woman" with something before it, which is only reproduced in the newspapers by "—." The House of HEALY was less fortunate elsewhere, Mr. MAURICE HEALY being mobbed at Cork, while his brother, Mr. TIM, at Edgeworthstown, was in that case that he had to accuse his late revered leader of sawing platform planks, just like our DUNSTAN of blessed memory.—Mr. PARNELL's contumaciousness continued on Monday, to the bitter grief of Gladstonian critics, who have, it seems, discovered a last and convincing proof of Unionist wickedness in the fact that most of us, whether Tory or Liberal, make irreverently merry over the Irish split. So, then, it is not permitted for the honest men to rejoice over the thieves when they fall out! This is surely hard.

Strikes. A slight relapse into evil ways on the part of the Glasgow and South-Western men at the beginning of the week was followed by an important defection from the Caledonian strikers, forty-four of the best men out on that line returning to their work at Polmadie, on Tuesday. If any innocent person thinks that men who employ the abominable system of picketing are to be sympathized with, or even tolerated, let him read Mr. OSBORNE JAY's letter in the *Times* of Wednesday. The poor creature who is there described as having been bullied back into starvation may have been a poor creature to be so bullied; but he knew, if the sympathizers do not, what the sanction behind picketing is. Meanwhile, as the pickets seem to consider the docks their own, it is a pity that some one does not, as MARRYAT's keeper pleasantly remarked, "put them in possession of their property." There has also been persecution of "blacklegs," by blackguards, at Bradford.—It is rumoured that a strike is to take place on the Great Western Railway, though not over the whole system. Few corporations ought to be better able to fight this matter out once for all; and it is to be hoped that the Great Western directorate will follow, and better, the example of its far weaker Scotch brethren.

"General" Booth. Mr. HUXLEY, who doth not the work negligently, has published a very interesting counsel's opinion on that trust which, according to General BOOTH, makes the funds of the Salvation Army as safe as the Bank of England. An impudent person has asked what Mr. BANCROFT and the other conditional promisers of large sums to the "General's" fund are going to do; and a most interesting quarrel, reaching the lie circumstantial already, and very nearly the lie direct, has arisen between the "General" himself and the City Commissioner of Police as to the night-occupants of the London bridges during the frost.

Correspondence. A letter was published last Saturday from Lord HARTINGTON on the recent state of politics; and on the same day a "Q. C." pointed out what, if true, was a clear breach on the part of Mr. FURNESS, the Gladstonian candidate at Hartlepool, of the Corrupt Practices Acts, by promising the members of a Union to employ none but them.—There has been a good deal of writing as to the introduction of "rankers" into the navy; and some on a terrible famine in Anguilla, one of the smaller West Indian islands. This, intelligently examined, may throw light on that much-praised act of our fathers—the abolition ("Cost you twenty millions") of slavery in those parts.—As we expected, Mr. FREEMAN was not slow in replying to Dr. PERCIVAL's attack on him. After his manner, Mr. FREEMAN did not exactly mince words respecting the learned Doctor's "sinking" (and, indeed, 'twas a curious relapse) from a college headship, but about Greek he said much truth. At nearly equal length, but with much less to say, Emeritus-Professor BLACKIE informed the world, not exactly for the first time, that Greek is a very fine thing if you chatter it *viva voce*, but that otherwise "the language of GOETHE and BISMARCK" will do excellent well instead of it.—The Reverend WILLIAM ARTHUR, on "moral points in the Home Rule controversy," would have been interesting if he had not been so enormously long.—Lord BRAMWELL on Friday morning bestowed much—perhaps too much—pains in trying to convince a Radical Nonconformist of the error of his ways; and Archbishop WALSH wept terribly over the wickedness of the *Freeman's Journal* and Mr. PARNELL. Things, they say, which arise slowly last long, and the excellent Archbishop was very long in discovering that Mr. PARNELL was wicked.

More Aristotle. The news of "ARISTOTLE on the Constitution of Athens" being discovered in the British Museum is, no doubt, great news in its way; but we should like to read the book before saying much about its genuineness. It has been urged that it must be genuine because passages already quoted from the work occur in it. We can only reply that, while a genuine copy might or might not contain these passages, a forged one would be absolutely certain to do so unless the forger was an unmitigated blockhead.

Miscellaneous. A second libel suit by the plaintiff in *Foot v. ELTON* was given against him, and a bequest for the saying of Masses was declared invalid last week.—Sir JAMES HANNEN's promotion to the vacant Lordship of Appeal would have found few competent critics hostile to it even before the Special Commission; since that

Commission it may be said without fear that no account need be taken of any voice which is raised against it.—The case of *FOSH v. YOUNGS*, which was tried at the end of last week, is not likely to conciliate the foes of breach of promise of marriage actions. There was very hard swearing indeed on one side or the other, and the jury gave twenty-five pounds damages. Now it scarcely requires demonstration that twenty-five pounds damages in such a case is a simply ridiculous verdict, except, perhaps, when the parties are in the rank of day-labourers, which here they were not. It ought to be much more or nothing.—On Monday the Court of Appeal dismissed Mrs. BEAUCLEER's petition for a divorce, on the not wholly unreasonable ground that twenty years is a long time to take to think about it; and the complicated racing case of *GOATER v. GODFREY* came to an end by a juror being withdrawn.—A memorial has been addressed to Lord SALISBURY (and a tolerably satisfactory provisional answer received) respecting possible liberties to be taken with the so-called Chapel Royal, in Whitehall.—The indefatigable Mr. RITCHARD MORGAN has been cast in costs by the Court of Appeal in the matter of the gold-mining royalties; and yet another decision (this time against the Committee) has been given in the other old matter of the Irish Exhibition, which, from a lawyer's point of view at any rate, cannot be said to have been a failure.—Sir JAMES HANNEN took leave of the Probate Division on Wednesday; while in the Queen's Bench Division an important Trade-Union appeal came on, with the unsatisfactory result of the Court deciding that they could not hear it as stated.

Obituary. At the end of last week the death of the Earl of DEVON closed one of the most singular chapters in the anecdotic history of the peerage, and that of Mrs. THOMAS DRUMMOND carried off one of the last representatives of English political society in the last generation; while in M. LÉO DELIBES France lost a promising composer.—Mr. GEORGE BANCROFT had reached a great age. He was a prominent politician in America. He had written a large book. When BYRON quoted to him, not too happily, a famous remark of COLERIDGE's, "That is fame!" he thought it was BYRON's own. He had also made himself excessively unpopular in France by his attitude towards that old ally of the United States when he was American Minister at Berlin in 1870.—SADOULLAH PASHA, who died somewhat mysteriously at Vienna, belonged to what may be called the real Turkish nobility, a by no means numerous order.—FUMO BAKARI, Sultan of Vitu, may have been a bad man, but we rather wish that Englishmen had not signalized their gain of territory in Africa by hunting him to death to please Germany.—Sir MATTHEW WILSON was a Yorkshire Liberal of advanced years and of no bad type till he took the wrong turn in 1886, and was soundly beaten in a constituency he had represented for more than a generation by Mr. WALTER MORRISON.—Surgeon-General GRAHAM-BALFOUR had been one of the most prominent representatives of the desk branch of the Army Medical Department; and Herr VON ROCHOW was a Prussian politician of note.—The Earl of CAITHNESS had not long experienced the chequered joy of succeeding to a peerage with the estates left away from the title.—Mr. BRADY was a chemist and zoologist of considerable eminence.—Senhor BENJAMIN CONSTANT, one of the late Brazilian Republican Ministers, had nothing to do with the great owner of that name, and, indeed, we believe it was in his case merely an assumed one; but he had much to do with the Revolution.

Messrs. LONGMANS have added to their "Silver" Books, &c. Series a cheap reprint of Mr. FROUDE's *Short Studies of Great Subjects*, in four volumes. IBSEN's new play, *Hedda Gabler*, has appeared, translated by Mr. GOSSE (HEINEMANN).

THE HARTLEPOOL ELECTION.

THE principal Separatist newspaper in London, with a great good feeling, has spared Unionists the trouble of making much comment of the explanatory kind on the Hartlepool election. On Thursday morning it wrote that this, "the greatest and most splendid Liberal victory since 1886, was achieved in the face of extraordinary obstacles, and under conditions which would have depressed any less buoyant or confident body of politicians." Ten lines lower it wrote that, when Mr. RICHARDSON died, "it was

"universally acknowledged that only one man could possibly save the seat for the Coercionist party." The printing, all but consecutively, of two practically contradictory statements may have been due to one of the accidents which beset journalism late at night; the writing of the second remains a confession and a fact. It was, indeed, nearly certain that Hartlepool, a very Radical place, which has not returned a Conservative for seventeen years, and which, in the full tide of 1886, could muster two thousand five hundred Home Rule votes against the great local popularity of Mr. RICHARDSON, against a Tory and Liberal alliance, and with a candidate so absolutely *pour rire* as the late Mr. MERVYN HAWKES, would go wrong when Mr. RICHARDSON was removed. And it did.

Nevertheless, we at least have not the slightest intention of minimizing the result as a set off to the "maximizing" of our opponents—a very natural and excusable thing when one thinks of the horrible hole of ridicule and helplessness in which they have lain since a certain day in the Divorce Court, and from which Hartlepool has temporarily lifted them. We know, indeed, that the victory is no very great one; that a local employer of labour who went out of his way to truckle to Trade-Unions has beaten a local employer of labour who has the credit of being a masterful man in his relations with those whom he employs; that a place with a large Irish population "went Home Rule"; that a Radical and Gladstonian town chose a Gladstonian Radical candidate. We might, if we chose, point out that Sir WILLIAM GRAY headed Mr. RICHARDSON's poll five years ago by a thousand, and Dr. TRISTRAM's six years ago by nearly two thousand votes. But that is a style of consolation for which we have very little appetite. We prefer to acknowledge with very great regret the fact that 4,600 persons were found to vote in a manner which shows that at least the vast majority of them are absolutely unfitted to be trusted with votes at all. And observe that we do not say that a man is unfit to be trusted for a vote merely because he votes for Mr. GLADSTONE, or for Home Rule, or for Home Rule as interpreted by Mr. HEALY, or for Socialism and picketing, or for anything of the kind. If we can hardly admit that he may intelligently vote for these things and persons, we can admit that he may honestly and, as far as his brains, and his prejudices, and his interests will let him, deliberately vote for them. It is, however, quite certain that barely the smaller half—say, some sixteen hundred—can have been in this case. The remainder, at least on the ordinary averages of humanity, must have been persons who attach themselves to a party, not with any clear conception of its detailed merits, but because they generally think it a good one to belong to at the moment. And it needs little hesitation in saying that any one, not a committed Separatist or a faddist *quand même*, who at this moment thinks such a party as the English Gladstonians in alliance with such a party as the Irish anti-Parnellites (and quite ready to take the Parnellites too, if it can get them), a party fit to touch with a barge-pole, must be in a singularly unhealthy condition of mind and taste. He must, in short, be incapable of seeing what is before his eyes and of drawing conclusions from the most notorious premisses. Of such persons there must have been about three thousand (at a very liberal and charitable estimate) in Hartlepool—3,000 persons to whom, in the fashion more usually thought characteristic of the charming sex which has not the vote, facts and events are of no importance whatever. And as Hartlepool is not likely to possess the monopoly of them, it would appear that we have entrusted the fortunes of England to a very capable set of managers indeed.

THE NEW LORD OF APPEAL.

THE appointment of Sir JAMES HANNEN to be a Lord of Appeal completes the number of Life Peerages authorized by Parliament. There are now four of these functionaries in actual harness and in the receipt of salaries. They are Lord WATSON, Lord MACNAGHTEN, Lord MORRIS, and Lord HANNEN. Lord BLACKBURN, who has retired, is permitted by recent legislation to retain his peerage, and with it his seat in the House of Lords. The history of the new tribunal thus gradually formed is curious and interesting. No change has ever been effected in the position of the House of Lords as the Supreme Court of Appeal for the United Kingdom since 1800. Lord SELBORNE at-

tempted to abolish its judicial powers in 1873. But he met with such strenuous resistance that he had to abandon the project, one of his most active opponents being the late ISAAC BUTT. Before 1876 there had been no recorded instance of a Life Peerage. Lord PALMERSTON had recommended the QUEEN to confer one upon Baron PARKE. But the House of Lords, instigated by the late Lord DERBY, would not allow Lord WENSLEYDALE to take his seat until his patent had been made out in the ordinary way. The Appellate Jurisdiction Act of 1876 authorized the creation by slow degrees and in carefully specified circumstances of four official peers, or, as Professor FREEMAN would perhaps prefer to say, Lords of Parliament. They were not to be Life Peers. Lord REDESDALE objected to that. It would be contrary to precedent, he said; whereas, if they were members of the House only during their terms of office, there was the precedent of the Bishops. Lord REDESDALE's scruples prevailed, and it was only after his death that a Lord of Appeal became a Life Peer, at least a lifelong member of the House of Lords. It is fifteen years since the Appellate Jurisdiction Act was passed, and yet the full number of these judges has only now been completed. They were intended as substitutes for the paid members of the Judicial Committee of whom Sir BARNES PEACOCK was the last survivor. Before 1876 the Lord Chancellor was the only peer bound by his office to sit and hear appeals. He had to depend upon the voluntary assistance of ex-Chancellors, and any late or present judge who happened to have been ennobled. Lord ELTON was content to affirm his own decisions in the presence of a bishop and a lay peer, who made the quorum. Lord DEVON provoked much criticism by sitting with the Law Lords, although he had only been a Master in Chancery. Yet to this day it is nominally the whole House which decides legal cases, and every peer is technically entitled to vote. In O'CONNELL's case a considerable number of them attended for that purpose, and were with difficulty induced by Lord BROUGHAM to retire. Since then the right has never been claimed, although an eccentric nobleman did attend in his place and intimate dissent from the judgment which declared the liability of all shareholders in the Glasgow Bank to be unlimited. The forms of debate are still preserved. The lords rise to state their opinions, they address the House, the Chancellor puts the question from the Woolsack, and in the event of an equal division the rule *semper pro presumitur pro negante* applies.

The selection of Lord HANNEN has met with universal approval. A thoroughly sound commercial lawyer, he will be especially useful in those complicated business transactions which so often engage the attention of the Law Lords. Like the new Archbishop, the new Lord of Appeal is in his seventieth year, and he has been more than twenty years on the Bench. But mere age is no disqualification for judicial duties, as is proved by the fact that when an unusually difficult point arises at Westminster, or at Whitehall, the services of Lord SELBORNE are still regarded as indispensable. For it must be remembered that the Lords of Appeal are required to sit on the Judicial Committee as well as in the House of Peers. Indeed that august tribunal, which exercises jurisdiction throughout India and in every colony, could scarcely now be constituted without one or more of them. It has been suggested that a colonial lawyer ought to be put upon the Judicial Committee, and sworn of the Privy Council. There are some practical obstacles. The number of endowed posts is now filled up, and it would therefore be necessary for the colony to provide a salary, unless the Government were willing to run the gauntlet of the economists in the House of Commons. Nevertheless the suggestion ought not to be lightly dismissed, considering the growing number and importance of colonial appeals. Lord HANNEN, though he has presided for nearly twenty years over a Court which attracts an undue share of public interest, is perhaps best known to the world at large as head of the Special Commission. It was a peculiarly difficult and delicate task—a task which some people, who are not constitutional purists, think should not have been set to any judge. How admirably Sir JAMES HANNEN performed it we all know. His dignity, suavity, and forbearance were the admiration of every observer. But, of course, Lord HANNEN would be an eminent lawyer and a distinguished judge if no Special Commission had ever been appointed or suggested. As the holder of the office from which so many judges, including Lord Justice BOWEN, Mr. Justice SMITH, and Mr. Justice WRIGHT, have come;

as a Puisne judge in the Court of Queen's Bench, when COCKBURN, BLACKBURN, and LUSH were his colleagues; as administrator of the laws which touch most intimately the social and moral life of the nation, he had already won general esteem. "Order," said a flippant barrister during the progress of the Commission, "order is HANNEN's first law." He certainly made the Divorce Court as decent as such a horrible place can be, and sternly repressed the hideous jocularity which is so ready to break out there. Lord HANNEN's legal knowledge and capacity have scarcely found sufficient scope in dealing with maritime collisions and matrimonial brawls. He is, however, not only a learned case lawyer, but a nearer approach to the philosophical jurist than an English judge often becomes. The witty Lord Justice who defined a jurist as a man who knew a little about the law of every country except his own, expressed a view better justified than it ought to be.

UNDER WHICH FLAG?

A PRETTIER quarrel than that between the British South Africa Company and the Companhia Mozambique it is simply impossible to imagine. Only on last Tuesday morning were anything like full accounts of the transactions of nearly three months ago in Manicaland put before either the Portuguese or the British public, and a man shall sooner make out from hearing both sides who won the battle of Toulouse than decide whether Colonel PAIVA D'ANDRADE or the Correspondent of the *Times* with the Mashonaland Pioneers is telling the truth as to what happened at the Knaal of UMTASA (whom, by way of keeping up the ball, others call MUTACA, not indeed irreconcilably to the expert, but puzzlingly enough to others). According to the spokesmen of the English Company, a terrible person, a "Capitan Mor," one GOUVEIA, who is also called MANUEL ANTONIO DE SOUZA, attended by a Colonel, the above-mentioned Senhor PAIVA D'ANDRADE, and a Baron, one DE REZENDE, and three hundred armed followers, did tear down the British flag at Massi Kesse, and force UMTASA to deny the treaty he had sworn with England, and so forth. Also GOUVEIA was a slave-trader. Then there came gallant Englishmen in remarkably small numbers, and surrounded the large numbers of Portuguese, and retaliated in the matter of flag-pulling, and got UMTASA back again, and sent off the Colonel and the Capitan Mor prisoners to Fort Salisbury, and thence to Capetown. On this last point there is no dispute. The terrible slave-trader and the gallant Colonel (who is, as Lady CLANRICARDE wanted to know whether Sir JOHN PAKINGTON was, a "real man," and has been seen and known in England) were sent down in this very way, and the Colonel, "almost with tears in his eyes," protests that the manner of travel in ox-waggons was extremely painful to the frame. But as for everything else, Colonel D'ANDRADE's version simply gives the lie direct to the other. GOUVEIA a slave-trader? He never sold a slave in his life; is the mildest mannered of men, and though it is true that countless natives will rise at his mere word, on this particular occasion he was, fortunately or unfortunately, attended only by two or three carriers, cooks, and so forth. Armed men? There was just a fowling-piece or two to shoot game with, and, if you want to know any more, GOUVEIA was "traveling with an Indian lady," Donna JULIA Something, a fact which stamps a character at once of respectability and peace on the whole affair. As to the flags, Colonel D'ANDRADE never heard of an English flag at Massi Kesse, much less saw one; as for the treaties, UMTASA would rather "cut both of his hands off at the wrist" than sign them with the English; as for attempting politically to forestall England and the South Africa Company, Colonel D'ANDRADE was going up, as it might be you or me, to look after some peaceful mining works, and the presence of the Capitan Mor (with the Indian lady) was of the most uncontentious and accidental character. True, Colonel D'ANDRADE does hint that the explorers have just as little business in Mashonaland proper as in Manica; true, though he never heard of an English flag, he admits that the Company's police, who were very likely indeed to have such an article with them, were there before him. But what of this?

There can scarcely be much doubt about the propriety of reserving judgment, in the amplest possible manner, as to a matter on which we have diametrically opposed assertions, and no evidence worthy of the name. Before long

Sir HENRY LOCH and Mr. CECIL RHODES will be here. Mr. RHODES may be trusted not to let one side of the story lose, and Sir HENRY may be trusted to give the unvarnished version as far as it is known at the Cape, while the Portuguese Government ought to be able to produce some one who (with or without tears in his eyes) will put the other side eloquently. But we confess that, if we had the settling of the matter, we should scarcely attempt to settle it on the basis of either version. Let a reasonable delimitation be arrived at, neglecting all encroachments on one side or the other since last August, and let everybody, English and Portuguese, clear out, irrespective of "claims," to their own side of the line so arranged. But we confess we should be sorry if that line allowed, as some have rumoured, another breach in English territory like that between the Lakes; and if it be true that Portugal has assigned away some of the territory in dispute, she will deserve no consideration whatever.

PROMOTION OF WARRANT OFFICERS.

THE appeal for the warrant officers which appeared in last Saturday's *Times* was calculated to start a rambling discussion, and it has done so. As a matter of course, the real point at issue has been very frequently lost sight of. The exasperating person who is possessed of a little easily-acquired information has rushed to impart it to the public. Some of the naval officers who have written to the *Times* have very innocently observed that the promotion of warrant officers to a commission would, after all, be no new thing in the navy. To this the well-informed person has hastened to reply that all who were at one time or another rated able seamen in HER MAJESTY'S navy were not necessarily of the same social class as the bulk of sailors. This is perfectly true, but it is not in the least to the point. The more clearly it is shown that gentlemen who were intended to one day hold a commission had no objection to begin even nominally in the rating of able seamen, the more clearly is it shown that to have been rated as an able seaman was not held to have disqualified a gentleman from holding a commission. The truth is that almost anything may be said with confidence about the system on which our officers were found for the navy in the last century—except that it was systematic, or that a man could hold a lieutenant's commission who had never served as a Volunteer in the King's ship. The theory, as far as there was a theory, was that some amount, varying from three to five years, of service in the King's ship was required to qualify a man for a lieutenant's commission; but that the Crown could pick its officers from all who had complied with this condition, without regard to their birth, or to their training in any particular school. To judge from all that happened between Cape Passaro and the Basque Roads, the system answered very well. As a matter of fact, the very great majority of officers were gentlemen born, simply because family connexion and those qualities which had already made their families what they were told in the navy as they do everywhere.

As a matter of principle, we take it that there is no objection to the grant of a lieutenant's commission to warrant officers, or even to simple able-bodied seamen. We are not aware that there is any reason for taking it for granted that when HER MAJESTY established the *Britannia* for the purpose of teaching officers she thereby resigned her undoubted prerogative to take competent officers where she could get them, or gave an exclusive privilege to the training school. A good deal of nonsense has been talked about what is called the social question. On this point it may be enough to observe that there always has been in most of the ward-rooms of HER MAJESTY'S ships some officer or officers who came from much the same class as the boatswain or gunner. Besides, the question is not what would be agreeable to officers who objected to sit down to table with persons of less social position than themselves, but what would be for the good of the service. Considered as a practical measure, the actual promotion of warrant officers would have to be judged by the character of the men and the circumstances under which it was done. It is very easy to expect too much from such a step. It could hardly make good that deficiency of lieutenants from which we notoriously suffer. If we promote only a chosen few, the deficiency will still remain. If we promote as many as are wanted to fill up vacancies, we

shall make the block in promotion worse than ever, and should, moreover, introduce into the corps of lieutenants what would be a strange element. An individual warrant officer who had been promoted would be rapidly assimilated by his brother officers, but a body of men advanced together like this would infallibly hang together. But it may be doubted whether anything we can do will ever enable us to escape from the old *crux* of the Admiralty. A body of officers which is numerous enough for a war establishment is a great deal too numerous for a peace establishment. How, then, is the Admiralty, without burdening itself with hundreds of superfluous officers in peace-time, to escape the danger of finding itself hundreds short on a declaration of war? In former times, when so much education was not, or was not thought to be, necessary, the difficulty was got over easily enough. The establishments were cut down wholesale at the end of hostilities, and when war broke out again, admirals who had vacancies for lieutenants gave acting commissions right and left to masters' mates, or anybody else they thought fit, which commissions the Admiralty confirmed, or did not confirm, just as it pleased. It is not possible for us to go in this free-and-easy fashion any longer. It is not even desirable; but at least we need not make the difficulty more hide-bound and iron-bound than it is already by deliberately cutting off one of the old resources at the command of the Crown. Admiral COLOMB has said, apparently by way of objection to the proposal, that if warrant officers are to be held capable of receiving commissions, we shall have spirited boys who have failed to get into the *Britannia* volunteering into the navy in the hope of working their way to a commission. In short, that the navy will be invaded by the gentleman ranker. Well, why not? We may be very sure that, unless a lad was made of the right stuff, he would very soon be sick of the mess-deck. His fellow-boys from the *St. Vincent* would take care of that. But if he was made of the right stuff, why should we not have him in the navy as an officer? In war-time we shall necessarily have to go beyond the officers who have come from the *Britannia*, and that being so, it is idle to pretend to make it an invariable rule that our officers should be chosen from among the mandarins approved of by the examiners.

UNIONIST SPEECHES.

VIGOROUS and effective as have been the speeches delivered by leading Unionists during the week, we cannot but feel that to praise them as highly as they might seem to deserve would be giving to the speakers some of the credit which belongs to the subject. We have, in fact, to reverse the operation which we had to perform in Mr. MORLEY's case last week; and, just as we then felt bound to spare the advocate in consideration of the hopelessness of the case, so now we have to stint our commendations of his adversaries for the precisely opposite reason. For the truth is that there has never yet been a time, since the present controversy began, when the task of the Home Rule orator was so overwhelmingly difficult, and that of his Unionist opponent so ridiculously easy. The game of the latter may almost be said to play itself, and even the most unskilful of players could hardly lose it. Mr. GOSCHEN and Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH are both of them—and the former especially—well skilled in defending their cause on the platform and at the dinner-table; but if they were a hundred times less expert at such polemics than they are, they could hardly either of them have failed to make a telling speech. The very arguments, or rather the one limping argument, by which the Gladstonians attempted to make out that "nothing is changed," and that there is "only one leading Irish politician the less," would inevitably suggest to the unreadiest of disputants its own crushing answer. Their attempt to make out that the repudiation of Mr. PARNELL by Mr. GLADSTONE leaves the case for Home Rule exactly where it stood before Mr. PARNELL was repudiated, at once recalls the fact that the repudiation of Mr. PARNELL is everything, and that it reduces the case for Home Rule to nothing. It is the very fatuity of argument to cry "Measures, not men," when by so doing you remind the least resourceful of opponents that for four years past your cry has been "Men (or a man), and not measures." For who can fail to remember that ever since Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL cemented their union of hearts the entire

Irish policy of the one has been based upon his readiness to go bail for the other? Home Rule ever since the event referred to has ceased to be a question of providing effective legislative securities against the abuse of a hazardous political concession; for it has now been as good as admitted that no such securities can be devised. The question of Home Rule has been made a question of confidence—of confidence in one man, and that man Mr. PARNELL. He, and he alone, it was who, according to Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers, could and would provide the guarantees demanded even by the bulk of the Gladstonians themselves against the risk of bestowing legislative independence upon Ireland. The passage which Mr. GOSCHEN so unkindly quoted from the speech of "the eloquent Edinburgh Bailie" who presented the freedom of his City to Mr. PARNELL, was, after all, a mere echo of the proposition which for years past Mr. GLADSTONE and the Gladstonians have been striving to hammer into the heads of the English people. The man who had succeeded by the exertion of a "quiet and effectual force" in transferring the "dangerous energy" of Irish political discontent into "constitutional lines of action" was the only man who could be trusted to prevent the great constitutional experiment of Home Rule from being propelled by the same "dangerous energy" in the direction of separation.

Were it necessary—which it surely cannot be, in view of Mr. GLADSTONE's persistent contention—to illustrate Mr. PARNELL's position in the Anglo-Irish party, and his importance to their common enterprise, this can be very effectively done, as Sir HENRY JAMES has shown in his recent address to his constituents at Bury, by the method of negative example. Very much to the point was Sir HENRY's inquiry whether, if DANIEL O'CONNELL, Mr. COBDEN, or Mr. BRIGHT had been suddenly driven from public life for private misconduct, it would have occurred to any one to contend that the concession of the Catholic claims or that the repeal of the Corn-laws had been rendered impossible. The most fervid of Orangemen, the most determined of Protectionists, would never have thought of propounding so absurd a proposition; and the Emancipationist and the Free-trader would never have had, as the Gladstonian has had of late, to devote all his argumentative powers to the task of combating this contention as proceeding from his adversaries, and to use all his skill of persuasion to counteract its obvious and increasing effect on the minds of his uneasy political associates. Nothing could more clearly show that Mr. PARNELL's relation to Irish Home Rule is exactly what the relation of O'CONNELL to Catholic Emancipation and of BRIGHT and COBDEN to Free-trade was not. Nothing could more clearly illustrate the truth that the Home Rule principle is, as Sir HENRY JAMES says, "not so important as its application." This statement of the case has, perhaps, too close a resemblance in form to the immortal dictum of Captain BUNSHY, and is apt to suggest incongruous associations on that account. We prefer our former way of putting the matter—namely, that Home Rule is a question of "men, not measures." But Sir HENRY JAMES, of course, means the same thing when he says that, in regard to this question, we are dealing with "persons, and not a principle"; and it was with very telling effect that he quoted Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's latest letter on the situation, as transformed by Mr. PARNELL's own metamorphosis. Sir WILLIAM, he said, has told us—as, in truth, he has for a moment risen from his fireside to do—that, "if Mr. PARNELL—one individual—remains to the front, there cannot be Home Rule, and Ireland does not deserve it." A more amusing commentary on the contention of his journalistic allies—and, we may add, a more unsatisfactory backing of those friends of his who, far from the comfortable ingle-nook at Malwood, are fighting his battles—it would be difficult to imagine. While they are exhausting themselves in the effort to show that "measures, not men," should be the maxim of the English Home Ruler, here is Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT lounging, with indolent grace, in his well-warmed library, and explaining to his party and to the Irish people that "men, not measures," must be their motto. Home Rule, he had been saying for four years, would be a safe concession while Mr. PARNELL remained the leader of the Irish people; now it is a concession which it would be madness to make (and which, moreover, the Irish people would not deserve), unless Mr. PARNELL ceases to be leader, and somebody else—or a committee of somebodies, presided over by a nobody—takes his place. Sir WILLIAM does not see how vigorously he is knocking away the supports from under the tottering arguments of the *Daily News*.

The proposition that he is blandly enforcing is precisely the proposition which that forlorn print is desperately contesting. The principle of Home Rule is nothing; the man who is to apply it everything. And the circumstance that the Indispensable man has become the Impossible, so far from weakening the authority of that proposition, curiously confirms it.

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, however, will probably attempt to evade this consequence of his last declaration by laying stress on its negative character. He may insist on the fact that he is on the positive side indifferent on the question of the "men" by whom the Home Rule "measure" is to be administered, and that, so long as Mr. PARNELL is not their chief, these men may be who you please for him. Formally considered, that may serve well enough as an argument; the objection to it is that it is, materially speaking, quite unavailable for the purposes of the present controversy. For if it does not matter to the light and airy Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT who are the men that are to run the Home Rule machine when it is fixed up in Ireland, there are a large number of worthy people in this country to whom it matters, or seems to matter, a great deal. It is, indeed, an absolute necessity of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Irish policy that he should be able to reassure these nervous followers of his followers by pointing to some respectable Irish politician whom they can trust, or who they can persuade themselves is worthy to be trusted, and who moreover possesses an authority in Ireland equal to his good will towards England. Mr. GLADSTONE, we cannot doubt, is thoroughly sensible of this necessity himself, however Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT may feel or feign unconsciousness of it. Mr. GLADSTONE appreciates, if no one else does, the paramount importance of providing a substitute or substitutes for Mr. PARNELL as speedily as possible; but his sense of the need is not more manifest than the impossibility of supplying it. Where is the moderator, the second "only man" who can exert the "quiet and effectual" force which is necessary to transfer the "dangerous energy" of Irish political discontent into "constitutional lines of action," to come from? The idea, as Mr. GOSCHEN says, of suddenly discovering this indispensable personage in Mr. MCCARTHY, or Mr. SEXTON, is a little too ridiculous. The cool transfer of all the testimonials recently in Mr. PARNELL'S possession to somebody else would be apt to provoke general laughter even in the most humourless of parties. Besides, if Mr. GLADSTONE is prepared to go bail for Mr. MCCARTHY, and the public were willing to accept his recognizances, who is going to accept Mr. MCCARTHY as surety for the Irish people—least of all with Mr. PARNELL in opposition to him, and agitating the country with a view of making the Irish people treat their bail as the two exiles at Boulogne treated theirs?

COLD AND POVERTY.

THE length and severity of the cold, which (though our readers may hear it with incredulity) has been worse on the Continent than in England, has made the task of actually keeping alive the poorer of the working class a heavy one in some of the cities of Europe. It is a rather damaging fact to those persons who are for ever bellowing about the increasing poverty of the poor in this country that the destitution of this winter has apparently been rather less severe than usual. The letter published by Messrs. ALLEN, GARDINER, and LOCH on Wednesday can leave very little doubt, in the mind of any unprejudiced person, that the working class of London must be much better off than it was a few years ago. They have been able to meet the strain of the winter, and such a winter, to some extent at least from their own resources. Wages have been high and employment pretty constant. The working class cannot, therefore, be worse off than they used to be. Other information, which has appeared in the papers during this week, tends to confirm that opinion in a less creditable manner. There is, for instance, Mr. OSBORNE JAY'S letter from Holy Trinity Vicarage, Shoreditch, telling the story of a man who was prevented from working in the docks by a couple of stout pickets. These pickets, we presume, are supported out of the superfluity which some portion, at least, of the working class can afford to devote to intimidating its competitors. Then, too, there is the story of the free fight alongside of the *ss. Scotland*, in the Albert and Victoria Docks. In this case a mob of Union rowdies riotously endeavoured to

interfere with a body of free labourers engaged on the steamer. The attacked men made, we are glad to hear, a free and effective use of their picks and shovels. The Union men who made this attack are also, it is to be supposed, living on something, which is either the superfluity of the working-class itself or the misdirected charity of the rich. In either case it would seem that, in spite of about fifty days of frost, there is a good deal of money to spend in the East End of London. It would also appear that those who really have nothing are prevented from earning wages, not by the want of work, but by the brutal selfishness of their fellow-workmen.

On the Continent the misery caused by the prolonged cold has been very acute indeed. In spite of the distribution of wealth and the thrifty habits of the French, it appears that the downright destitution of Paris is greater than anything suffered here. The accounts of what the French Government has felt called upon to do in Paris show either that the most extreme poverty must be very common in the capital of France, or that the measures hitherto taken to deal with the normal poverty of Paris have been very insufficient. It has been found necessary to fit up a portion of the Exhibition buildings to provide lodgings for the exceptionally large number of those who are out of work. The notion of passing one's night with the thermometer nearly at zero in one of the big galleries of an Exhibition building which has been long disused is in itself terrible enough. The difference between such cover and the archway of a bridge does not seem considerable. It is the best, however, which the French Government has been able to provide, and if it has not been largely used, the reason is said to be that the very poor in Paris were not aware of its existence. On the whole, the efforts of the French to deal with the distress of this dreadful winter seem to have been rather well intentioned than either prompt or successful. It appears to have been only within the last few days that the Government has been endeavouring to learn from the Mayors of the different arrondissements of Paris what buildings were available to be used as temporary refuges. The thaw must have come before these places could be got into any sort of order. The fact, too, that when the Government began to provide food for the destitute it used new boilers which had to be thoroughly cleaned out with boiling water, so that for twenty-four hours the unhappy casuals were reduced to dry bread and to such consolation as was to be obtained by looking at the boiler while it underwent the process of preparation required to fit it to cook their dinner next day, shows that administrative bungling is not unknown among our neighbours. But if the exertions of the French Government have been somewhat tardy, and not always very successful, they have certainly been energetic. It has provided refuges and soup in enormous quantities for the 50,000 people who are supposed to be out of work in Paris. It has provided covers of some kind, bolsters and blankets. If the cover does not sound very inviting, and the bolsters are only stuffed with straw, and the soup is made of lard and hot water, still they supply warmth and cover enough to keep body and soul together. On an occasion of this kind a vigorous centralized Government like the French has a great advantage. It can deal with work of this kind with a unity and on a scale which would be beyond the power of the divided local authorities of England. On the other hand, we may remember that the English Poor-law has already and permanently so provided for dealing with extreme destitution that the need for efforts on such a scale can hardly arise in England.

Re SAMBOURNE. LINLEY v. EDW. LINLEY.

A HIGHLY mysterious mystery has been developed in the *Morning Post*. On Wednesday morning there appeared in that respectable journal a letter dated on the previous day, from 18 Stafford Terrace, and signed "EDW. LINLEY SAMBOURNE." The writer complained that one of the contemporaries of the *Post* had asserted "that *Punch* is 'about to lose the services of Mr. LINLEY SAMBOURNE, and 'that his facile pencil will henceforth be employed in 'another and more remunerative field.'" The writer proceeded, "As this statement, if left unchallenged, is calculated to do both *Punch* and myself considerable harm, 'will you kindly permit me to denounce it as an impudent 'invention, without the remotest shadow of foundation in

"fact.—Yours, &c." To him, on the following morning, writing from the Garrick Club, answered "LINLEY SAMBOURNE," and he said "The letter appearing in your issue 'to-day, purporting to be from me, with reference to my 'connexion with *Punch*, is simply an impudent forgery.—Yours, &c."

It is certain that, of the two signatures, "LINLEY SAMBOURNE" is that for which the public looks in the popular pictures in *Punch* and elsewhere. But a reference to a useful work, bound either in red or in blue, shows that the LINLEY SAMBOURNE known to its compilers bears the baptismal name of EDWARD, and, further, that he may be indifferently addressed at 18 Stafford Terrace, or at the Garrick Club. The proprietors of the *Morning Post*, who presumably have the manuscript of both documents in their possession, throw no light upon the mystery, which is only the darker because of the close resemblance in style, apparent, probably, to the most superficial observer, borne by each letter to the other. If it rested on the signatures alone, one would certainly believe LINLEY to be the genuine artist; but then there is no law that a draughtsman shall sign his letters and his pictures in the same way. And if LINLEY is real and EDW. spurious, how did EDW. come to know beforehand the precise mode in which Mr. LINLEY SAMBOURNE would be likely to express himself? Of course, if EDW. is real, the false LINLEY is a man of great daring and originality, and would *ex hypothesi* be capable of deliberately reproducing the "impudent," the "Yours, &c.," and the curt tone of the victim, to whose identity he was making a fraudulent claim. Can it be that this is a Strange Case of LINLEY SAMBOURNE and EDW. LINLEY SAMBOURNE? that there is a Mr. HYDE and a Dr. JEKYLL? If so, which is which? Which wrote which letter, and which does the pictures? If the pictures are done by LINLEY SAMBOURNE, is he JEKYLL? The fact that he writes from a Club reputed to contain men who sit up late at night, and EDW. from a domestic mansion, seems more as if LINLEY was HYDE. But surely the pictures must be the work of JEKYLL, and LINLEY does them, or at any rate they are signed LINLEY. And, then, are the statements of EDW. true? Did some paper say that he, the other, or both of them, was, or were, going to leave off contributing pictures to *Punch*? And is he, or are they, or either of them? Because, if it was so asserted, and if that assertion was untrue, why not contradict it? And especially, why forge a contradiction? There is a great deal as to which LINLEY leaves us cruelly in the dark. Altogether it is a singular puzzle.

Perhaps, on the whole, the least improbable explanation of the whole matter is that Mr. LINLEY SAMBOURNE, the accomplished artist, has been too wise to rush into print at all, and that EDW. LINLEY SAMBOURNE and LINLEY SAMBOURNE of the *Morning Post* are two—or possibly is one—of the traditionally obscure people who put things in the papers. Perhaps they confederated together—or he plotted in his own heart—to "draw," by simulated complaint and counterfeit repudiation, one who has himself drawn so much and so well. If so, the base attempt would seem, up to the moment of writing, to have failed entirely; and Mr. LINLEY SAMBOURNE, if he happens to be within reach of the *Morning Post*, would deserve the congratulations of every one upon his display of masterly inactivity.

LORD SALISBURY AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE speech delivered by the PRIME MINISTER at Cambridge last Wednesday was in his best vein—a highly felicitous performance from the party point of view, yet at the same time well-weighted, especially as to its latter half, with grave political counsel, having reference to broader and deeper issues than those which are raised in the passing controversies of the day. It is unnecessary to say that it is in the former of these aspects alone that its Gladstonian critics insist on discussing it. Therein, however, they are only following their invariable practice. It is, perhaps, the sincerest compliment they could pay to Lord SALISBURY'S satirical powers that his opponents, as a rule, appear quite unable to comment upon or even to consider anything in his speeches but his sarcasms at their expense. He may devote four-fifths of a speech to comment upon public affairs; but the portion, and the only portion, of that speech on which we may confidently expect them to fix is its one-fifth of pungent reflection upon themselves. We expect that this undesigned

testimony to his excellence as a marksman—the fact, we mean, that he never fires a shot which is not followed by a cry from the living target—is highly flattering to the PRIME MINISTER; but, supposing him to desire the benefit of his opponents' criticisms on any part of his speeches but that which is personal to themselves, he must find this habit of theirs a little inconvenient.

For our own part, it would have suited us better if snarling Gladstonians had a little more of the stoicism of the Spartan boy—and, after all, they have gained nothing by dropping "Mr. Fox," who, indeed, is rendering them all the more for that—and had the self-control to pass by Lord SALISBURY'S sarcasms in order to deal with Lord SALISBURY'S observations on the real Irish question, that of the material poverty and physical suffering of a too large proportion of the Irish people, and of the true quarter in which a solution of this long-standing problem is to be sought. In particular, we should have liked to have been favoured with their criticisms on that part of Lord SALISBURY'S speech in which he dwelt a little too enthusiastically, perhaps, on the merits of the plan by which the Government are endeavouring, as their adversaries have partially and half-heartedly attempted before them, to settle this most vital of all questions—indeed, this solely vital question—for Ireland. There is plenty to be said, we quite admit, against the conversion of the Irish tenantry into a peasant proprietary; and, though the Gladstonians are not exactly the proper people to say it—by reason of the historical fact above cited—yet this consideration was not permitted last year to stand in their way. What we are curious to know is whether it is going to prove any more of an obstacle this Session; and whether, if not, we shall hear more of that opposition to the Land Purchase Bill in arranging which with Mr. PARNELL last Session the Gladstonian leaders cut so foolish and discreditable a figure. They will not, of course, be able to get Mr. PARNELL'S assistance now; but what about the help of the Healyites? and what about the wishes of the Healyites in this matter? And what about their own wishes, not to say their hopes and fears, their "I dare" and "I woulds," their willingness to wound, and their dread of striking? Really the number of interesting questions which the very name of the Land Purchase Bill suggests appears unlimited; and we are full of curiosity to know how the triple-headed party intend to answer them. At present they seem, or the English contingent of them seem, to be divided between the desire to curse the Land Purchase Bill as a Ministerial project, and at another moment to bless it as a measure of relief for Mr. GLADSTONE. Looked at *simpliciter*, it is an immoral, improvident, and inequitable proposal, which Gladstonians are bound to resist; but considered *secundum quid*—the *quid* being the desperate quandary into which they have been led by Mr. PARNELL'S inopportune letting off the cat out of the bag—why, they obviously feel, and have even sometimes the effrontery to admit to each other, by the way of the wink, that the passing of this immoral, improvident, and inequitable Bill would be so convenient a thing for them that it will not do to offer it serious opposition. If it does not altogether remove their difficulty with Mr. PARNELL as to the settlement of the land question under Home Rule, it tends to make it less acute; and to achieve that, they may think it worth while to put a little additional strain on a tolerably elastic conscience. Still it will be interesting to watch their moral contortions when they have to do it.

THE CHILIAN REVOLT.

SINCE the mutiny at the Nore produced the very short-lived Floating Republic (if, indeed, there ever was more than rumour to show that any such title was taken), nothing quite like the present revolutionary movement in Chili has been seen. The Spanish Revolution in 1868 was, indeed, begun by Admiral TOPETE'S squadron in Cadiz Bay. But the naval officers who began that commotion, an action for which they were very justly punished in 1873, when their mutinous crews turned them ashore with every species of indignity, were acting in combination with military intriguers. In Chili the navy is (or was) doing all the revolutionary movement off its own bat. The navy, therefore, is blockading the whole coast, while the army is (or was) occupied in garrisoning the fortified towns, and in doing its best to keep the navy out of port. The end of this conflict between fish and dog must be the defeat of the rebels, if only the army can occupy all the towns on the

coast so effectually as to deprive the navy of all means of renewing its supplies of coals and provisions. As the coast of Chili is many hundred miles long, and the ports are at a great distance from one another; as the railway system of the country is very ill developed and the army is small, it is eminently unlikely that the soldiers will be able to keep the navy out at sea till its provisions run short. And part of the army itself may, as asserted, have joined the revolt. In fact, it appears to be at least not improbable that the squadron has contrived to get possession of Coquimbo. If so, the Chilian revolution may develop into an ordinary South American civil war.

What excuse the Chilian navy has, or pretends to have, for bringing upon its country those evils of South American politics from which Chili has hitherto been almost entirely free, we do not as yet know on any solid evidence. A good deal has been said about the overbearing conduct of President BALMACEDA and his indifference to constitutional orthodoxy. It appears that he has been on bad terms with the Cortes. We even hear of budgets rejected by the Chambers, and of taxes summarily levied by the PRESIDENT. In short, there has been an acute constitutional crisis in Chili. But it does not follow, even in South America, that when a constitutional crisis occurs in the capital the navy should immediately blockade the coast, while the army announces its intention to support the President. We are afraid that the conduct of the Chilian navy can, however, be easily accounted for. A Correspondent, perhaps not wholly unacquainted with Admiral LA TORRE, who is at present in Europe as the head of the Commission which is purchasing warships, both in France and England, for Chili, has favoured the *Journal des Débats* with a long and convincing explanation of the mystery. From this authority we learn that the youthful Chilian navy is distinguished not only for the vigour of its institutions, the intelligent initiative and professional zeal of its officers and crews, but for the steady love of Liberal principles which has animated it since the days of COCHRANE. Ever since 1820 the Chilian navy has, it seems, been at the head of all progressive ideas. On the other hand, the army has been, so to speak, reactionary and conservative. Hence a certain difference in character which naturally causes these forces to be found upon opposite sides in the political struggle. But—and here we get to much the most instructive part of the correspondent's article—there is a particular cause of quarrel between the Chilian sea and land forces. The quarrel is one which we can quite understand; it goes on here, although it has happily never yet been carried to quite the same length. The navy thinks that the army gets far too much praise and pudding as compared with itself. In particular, it is convinced that it never got the reward it deserved for all the hard work it did in the war against Peru. In that war it destroyed the Peruvian navy, blockaded the Peruvian coast, landed a Chilian army near Lima, and in general made itself very useful. But when peace was signed all the rewards, or at least far too great a proportion of them, were given to the soldiers. General BALMACEDA has been made President, whereas his "brilliant young rival" has been sent into what is practically exile in Europe. Of course all this has proved naturally exasperating to the Chilian naval officer, and so he has become very touchy about his Liberal principles, and very resolute that General BALMACEDA shall not exceed his constitutional rights as President. That is why the Chilian squadron is at present careering up and down the coast of Chili, interrupting trade, and preaching Liberal principles in the usual South American way. It is a pretty illustration of what progressive ideas mean in a South American Republic—to wit, a cloak for personal greed and ambition. Chili has hitherto been a peaceful and orderly little State mainly because power has been almost entirely in the hands of the landowners of pure Spanish descent who officer the army. They with their old-fashioned notions have contrived to give Chili peace and prosperity for at least half a century. The progressive and Liberal young navy is, however, going to alter all that—much to the credit, of course, of progressive and Liberal principles.

THE RESUMED SESSION.

UNHAPPY Ireland has had one good thing blown to her by the ill wind of the recent quarrel among "the brightest of her sons." It has awakened in her uncrowned king a new perception of the virtue of punctuality

in the performance of public duties. Mr. PARNELL was never wont to put in so early an appearance in the House of Commons as he did last Thursday night. The first day or two, or sometimes even the first week, of a new Session would habitually be allowed to pass before the leader of the Irish Parliamentary party would cheer the loving and longing eyes of his followers by taking his seat in the House; and even then he would often indicate, by leaving in half an hour for the rest of the night, that his coming was a mere formality, born of the ceremonious deference with which he has always been in the habit of treating his party. On this occasion he was not only present at the first sitting of the House, but he was there at the commencement of business, and, what is more, he was ready with notice of a motion to call attention to the administration of the Crimes Act in Ireland—just for all the world as if nothing had happened, as if there had been no Kilkenny fight, no Committee-Room No. 15, no schism, no Manifesto, no letter to "My dear MORLEY," no decree nisi, and no fire-escape. It was all very dream-like; and it was not till one recalled the fact that Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY made a similar motion just before the House rose, demanding, he also, a "night" for it, that one could realize the appalling fact that there are now two leaders of the Irish party, and, consequently, that Mitcheltown and MANDEVILLE will be remembered twice as often as formerly, and that the subjects of KINSELLA and Killeagh will be required to be dispassionately reconsidered on separate nights in the week by the respective followers of Mr. MCCARTHY and Mr. PARNELL.

Strange to say, this prospect seems disagreeable to the Gladstonians, who appear to think that open conflict of this kind between the two bands of Irish patriots will embarrass their revered leader, and who seem to wish that the rival parties would be content to wage war by their respective Whips, who are rumoured to be carrying on active hostilities against each other's hats in the private room ordinarily reserved for the use of such officials. It is accordingly suggested that Mr. MORLEY should press forward his own motion on the subject of the administration of the Crimes Act, and thus secure priority over both Mr. PARNELL and Mr. MCCARTHY. Why it should be imagined that this will "choke off" the former of the two rival politicians, or, indeed, should have any other effect than that of substituting two, if not three, Irish debates instead of one, we leave it to those gentlemen who have so accurately read Mr. PARNELL's character hitherto to say. In the meantime the prompt development of an apparently new phase of the Irish quarrel will revive in the breasts of Unionists the sweet hope that the entire Anglo-Irish Separatist party may again sink into the condition of paralysis in which we left them last December; and that, in fact, the encouraging history of the short winter Session may be destined to repeat itself. Business made fair progress on Thursday night; but that was rather because there was no one there to disturb it than that any habitual Obstructionists exercised forbearance. Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and the Scotch members opposing, or pretending opposition to, the Private Bill Procedure Bill did not dare to make their resistance to this measure a serious one. The Bill is one upon which there is a good deal to be said, or rather upon which there is a good deal which might be said, were it not for the possibility that the inquiries of the Select Committee to which the measure has been referred may ultimately save any one the trouble of saying it; but the two things which cannot be said about it with plausibility, or even sense, are precisely those to which the hard-pressed fault-finders of the Opposition were apparently driven. It cannot be said that the LORD ADVOCATE's proposed legislation will not cheapen Private Bill procedure to the persons who will have in future to resort to it; and it cannot be said that this legislation is not desired in that particular portion of the United Kingdom to which it is to apply. The Scotch unquestionably want it; and it will undoubtedly save them money—two propositions which, whether causally connected with each other or not (and such an association is not opposed to the national characteristics), constitute a powerful recommendation of the Bill. To find its adversaries, and those adversaries Scotchmen, contesting it, is to feel that their opposition is suspect from the first.

BIRDS IN FROST.

FROST and snow are terrible enemies to birds, and a prolonged spell of hard weather such as that which we are experiencing, and which will make the winter of 1890-91 a memorable one, brings untold misery to all our birds, and absolute starvation and death to a vast number of them. The movements of birds during such times of hardship are extremely interesting, and it is curious to note how completely many species change their habits in the endeavour to adapt themselves to their altered surroundings. When the ground is hardened and frost-bound most of the insect and worm feeders are put to sore straits; but when, in addition to the frost, a mantle of snow covers the ground, and, as has been the case for weeks during the present winter, even the rivers and streams are full of ice and snow, the whole economy of bird life is disorganized, and there are but few birds that do not find some alteration in their usual habits necessary. At such times the inland waters are deserted, and wild fowl of all sorts, frozen out of their accustomed haunts, flock to the coasts and estuaries, their numbers being constantly increased by arrivals from the still more frozen North; while gulls, on the contrary, are inclined to leave the sea and follow rivers, often to a very considerable distance from their mouths, a fact which is apparent to any one who has noticed the large number of these birds that have frequented the river "above bridge" during the continuance of the frost. Every one, however, has not the opportunity of noticing the habits of water-fowl; but land birds are practically ubiquitous, and can, therefore, be studied by most people. As is now well known, most birds are more or less migratory, even the redbreast, popularly supposed to be a pattern of all the stay-at-home virtues, not being exempt from the habit; but times of frost and snow make wanderers of many that in open weather would have been content to stay the winter through with us, and the rush of birds of all sorts to the South before the advancing wave of cold during the first few days of the present frost in the latter part of November was most noticeable, and was a sure sign of what was in store for us. Many, again, though they do not leave the country, at such times of hardship become, to adopt Mr. Seebohm's happy expression—though perhaps not quite in the sense in which he uses it—"Gipsy migrants," wandering up and down the country, here to-day and gone to-morrow, in search of food. But perhaps the most noticeable effect of long-continued frost on birds is that it makes them draw near to human habitations, and even in many cases to penetrate into towns, and at such times the fields and hedges have a singularly lifeless and deserted appearance. Finches and other seed-eating birds flock round farmsteads and stackyards; while robins and hedge-sparrows draw close to houses, and are always to be found in the neighbourhood of pigstyes, wherever they exist—which, we may add, are also much frequented by blackbirds.

Sparrows appear to be capable of making a living under any circumstances; but even they during a long frost move into towns in considerable numbers. Rooks, again, become very hard pressed; if within reach of tidal waters, they pick up a living on the foreshores; but inland they are reduced to sore straits, and at such times may even be seen under oak-trees turning over the dead and fallen leaves with their beaks in search of the few remaining acorns; and, as every one knows who is in the habit of feeding birds in winter, they will come for their share of the scraps that are thrown out. Of all our birds, however, the thrushes of different species probably suffer most, as hard frost, especially if accompanied by snow, completely closes the source of their supply of animal food. So long, indeed, as they have berries to fall back on they do well; but even in the most fruitful years—of which the last was certainly one—the supply is soon exhausted, and then numbers die of sheer starvation. Curiously enough, redwings, which only visit us as winter migrants, seem always first to feel the pinch, though all of the species eventually suffer alike. Fieldfares, when hard pressed, take to the turnip-fields, and pick out the inside of the roots that have been attacked and opened up by rabbits; but the food does not appear to agree with them, as all that we have obtained under such circumstances have been little better than skin and bone, and numbers may be picked up dead. There are, in our opinion, few more wretched objects in life than a half-starved thrush in time of frost. The unfortunate birds creep about under hedge-banks, and similar places, looking most forlorn, with all their feathers starting and ruffled—"hover," as the country people call it—and with scarcely sufficient energy remaining to enable them to get out of the way of the passer-by; indeed, at such times many may be caught by hand. As before remarked, however, all birds suffer terribly in seasons of prolonged frost; and there are but few species indeed whose numbers are not thinned by the privations they endure. As a further instance of the dangers to which birds are liable, we may add that larks are sometimes overwhelmed by heavy snow, and are found dead on the ground after the thaw. Among the few birds that seem almost indifferent to the weather which is bringing death and desolation to so many of their neighbours are the long-tailed tit, diminutive and tender-looking birds, yet sufficiently hardy withal; and one of the prettiest sights of winter is to see a family of these active little birds flitting from tree to tree, and spray to spray, in some wood or shrubbery, in their search for food, uttering the while their cheerful little call-notes.

Londoners, at such times as these, find the number of birds

frequenting the parks and open spaces immensely increased, and included in the number are some which, in ordinary seasons, certainly cannot be ranked among the birds of London; for instance, throughout the present frost a few skylarks have used the Thames Embankment as a feeding-ground, while gulls do not visit town in large numbers except during hard weather. As an example of the increase in numbers, large flocks of starlings have frequented places where usually but a few are to be seen, rooks have entered the suburbs in considerable numbers, and blackbirds have penetrated much further into town than is their custom in open weather.

In conclusion, we would point out that a vast amount of bird-misery may be saved, and a corresponding amount of pleasure be gained, by any one, possessed even of a small garden, who will regularly, during time of frost, throw out scraps from the table as a meal for the starving birds. We say scraps advisedly, as many people feed their bird-pensioners on crumbs of bread alone, either forgetting, or being ignorant of the fact, that pieces of meat and other waste from the kitchen are good substitutes for the usual food of many birds which do not thrive on bread. Bones, and pieces of fat and suet, should be hung in the trees for the benefit of tits, and, finally, a pan of water, renewed from time to time, will be found to be thoroughly appreciated.

THE DANCING GIRL.

A GREAT play comes only about once in a generation; but Mr. H. A. Jones has nearly written one in the *The Dancing Girl*. For one thing the audience have to be grateful to him; he may be a little fantastic, but he is never commonplace. His personages are, as a rule, discoveries, and they are inducted into dramatic situations. They are typical, rather than individual, studies from life, no doubt. We should not know where to find most of the characters in *Wealth, Judah, The Middleman, or The Dancing Girl*; but if the author derives them from his imagination, he invests them with very natural attributes. We recognize them, though we may not know precisely where they live; they are by no means old acquaintances, yet we seem to know that they exist. Moreover—and this is a great thing—Mr. H. A. Jones works a vein of humour from which he constantly obtains fresh material. The lovers in *Judah* were quite new, and the Hon. Reginald Slingsby is a really delightful conception—a philosopher who ponders deeply to resolve the profound mystery of why he is constantly making a fool of himself, and, being unable to find a solution, concludes that it is a strange world. Slingsby has not obtained nearly enough recognition, as it seems to us. He has never been seen before. We know nobody like him on the stage or in fiction, though young men very much resembling Slingsby are extremely common. They are weak, shallow-minded, selfish; but Slingsby, facsimile of the ordinary run of them in other respects, is gifted with just a feeble capacity for thought which they rarely possess, and his reflections are humorous in their utter sincerity. The author is fortunate in having found a comedian who understands his meaning as thoroughly as Mr. F. Kerr does.

Slingsby is not in the least an important personage—indeed, he has very little or nothing to do with the main plot of the play, a plot which we observe some of the critics have stigmatized as unpleasant. It is easy to make out a good case on these lines. The Duke of Guisebury, the hero of the play, is a model of most things that he should not be. He has a very quaint and faithful little friend in Sybil Crake, the daughter of his agent, a girl whom he rescued from the hoofs of frightened horses at peril to his own life. Sybil—Midge, as he calls her—tells him the truth about himself. "I always follow your funerals," she says to him one day; "I followed your character to an early grave, and when you broke your word and buried your self-respect, I was chief mourner." Sybil wants, as she more than once tells him, to drag him from the horses' hoofs when he is in imminent peril, and this the devoted little cripple finally does; after which the peerage is enriched by a lame Duchess. Mr. Beerbohm Tree firmly grasps the character his author has drawn, skilfully avoiding a pitfall, a descent into which would cause injury to its artistic completeness. The Duke is a voluptuary, reckless, scornful of a good name in the world, seeking the gratification of the moment with a disregard of consequences, but he is not innately bad; his impulses are indeed generous; he has a heart, and the blunderer and less artistic actor would inevitably make is the thrusting forward of these redeeming qualities—in order to awaken sympathy. There is a very subtle discrimination in Mr. Tree's bearing. We do not perceive the latent goodness of disposition without looking for it, and here, as we think, we find a valuable point in the development of character. Everything that in any way affects an audience must necessarily be studied, but the study must be from life. Mr. Jones has drawn a man who is in a position to gratify every whim, and whose ingrained selfishness induces him to do so. If such a man impulsively says or does a generous thing there is a burst of applause awaiting him; for audiences, as a rule—certainly a great majority of an average audience—are simple-minded and hastily impressionable before all else. But in an endeavour faithfully to portray character, the question will arise whether the generous thing would have been said or done, whether the author is not sacrificing consistency to obtain a momentary effect, the result of which will be to weaken his

study as a whole; and of the higher duty of the dramatist few playwrights take heed, or indeed have power to do so.

There is, it will be seen, material for thought in Mr. Jones's play which may tempt the critic to become didactic, and certainly leads him to discuss by-issues, for we have lost sight of the charge of unpleasantness. Guisebury is not, from the moral point of view, a pleasant character; nor is the Quaker girl, Drusilla Ives, who has become his mistress, has earned a doubtful reputation in London, where also she has distinguished herself as a dancer, and then returns to her Quaker father and sister in the Isle of St. Endellion, persuading them that her life elsewhere—in the London situation she is supposed to be filling—is as free from all reproach as their existence in the peaceful community on the Cornish coast. The Duke of Guisebury, who owns St. Endellion, visits his property, his yacht being anchored off the coast; here, too, lives the sturdy young Quaker seaman, John Christison, who fervently loves Drusilla, whom he believes to be pure, and worthy of all devotion; and the conjunction of these three characters is a dramatic point of great value. Plays, however, are usually weakened by the straining of theatrical exigencies, and so it is here. Christison must be shown that the demure Drusilla is not—is immeasurably removed from being—the saint he takes her to be, and so the author makes her do what the most ordinary prudence would forbid—begin a fantastic dance before the very door of the Friends' Meeting House, from which, of course, Christison emerges to find her thus entertaining her lover. Disregard of probability is, perhaps, the most common stumbling-block of authors. We find the same thing later in the play, in the next act, which takes place at the Duke's villa at Richmond. A passionate scene occurs between Christison, still devoted to Drusilla, and that wayward and heartless girl. An open door at the back leads on to a pleasure ground; but the two raise their voices to a pitch that might have been heard across the river, and when Christison has gone the Duke enters through the open door, and quietly tells Drusilla that he has been searching for her everywhere. These absurdities immensely weaken the illusion of a play. Our attention is here distracted from the speakers, for we are constantly thinking that they must be overheard, that the Duke must be approaching, and wondering what will happen when he comes.

The third act, the scene of which is the Duke's house in St. James's Park, is perhaps the best of the four, though in saying this we may seem to be depreciating the singular freshness of the opening, with its pleasant seascape for a background. Guisebury has resolved to kill himself after giving one final reception, and interest is strained to ascertain what a mysterious resolution is to which he alludes; for he talks lightly to his mistress, who is leaving him because he is ruined, as she frankly admits, and we can imagine that she judges accurately when she refers to the brilliance of his conversation during the *tête-à-tête* dinner which is just over; for they come to take their coffee in the hall, a handsome apartment, from which a broad staircase leads to reception rooms above. The writing of this act is, for the most part, quite excellent, not least so the worldly wisdom of Lady Bawtry, Guisebury's aunt, who has come to lend her countenance to the gathering, although the Dancing Girl, whose relations with the Duke are well known, is to be present. That the guests should arrive so rapidly is, of course, another sacrifice to the dramatic exigencies already mentioned; but the stampede of their departure, when the old Quaker Ives has entered and found his daughter, can only be put down to bad stage management. This is very clumsy; but Mr. Tree redeems it by the striking conclusion of the act where the Duke attempts to carry out his stern resolve. The careless contempt of life, with the total absence of bravado, make the episode exceedingly impressive; the darkened stage also does much for the effect, and here we have what may be called reasonable realism—the mansion is fitted with electric light, and this is lowered by the pressure of the button, a contrast to the extraordinary results that are apt on the stage to follow the blowing out of a candle or lowering of a lamp. Here it is that Sybil, stealing softly down the staircase, rescues her preserver "from the horses' hoofs." The play might almost end here, but not quite. The author is, in fact, in a tangle. He desires to show the reformation of the Duke—how at length his latent goodness of heart and right feeling assert themselves. He has always given proofs of the possession of a conscience, obscured though it may have been; but, in order to furnish opportunity for the exhibition of this, which in itself would not constitute an act, Mr. Jones has been forced, so that an act might be made, to expand a number of more or less irrelevant and totally uninteresting episodes. We are to understand that the Duke marries Sybil; and if it had been indicated that he had an affection for her, a very few words at the end of the third act would have rendered a fourth act totally unnecessary. This would have averted a tediousness which excusably occasions temper. The fourth act is found wearisome in the extreme, or perhaps we ought to speak of this in the past tense, for Mr. Tree is too shrewd not to make haste in reforming the mistake. Christison has married Drusilla's sister Faith; and we do not in the least care to know it. Sybil bids Ives to ponder over the prayer which pleads for the forgiveness of trespasses, and he does so ponder; but whether he forgives the Duke or not matters nothing. A Sister arrives from America with tiresome news of Drusilla's end; some natives of St. Endellion who were supposed to have been lost on a voyage of arctic discovery come back; the mad wife of one of them maunders, and we sit and

wonder how a dramatist who can write and construct so well can also write and construct so ill. A feeble fourth act has rarely tested the patience of an audience.

We have spoken of Mr. Tree, as also of Mr. Kerr. Miss Julia Neilson plays with tact and discrimination as Drusilla, but her *abandon* has some appearance of care and study. She lacks that absolute spontaneity which it is given to so few actresses to exhibit. Miss Norreys plays the curious character Mr. Jones has designed for her, Sybil Crake, in a very agreeable and sympathetic fashion, though there seems no occasion to make quite so much of the limp, the result of her accident. Mr. Fred Terry's sincerity and earnestness are well displayed as John Christison. On the evening we saw the play he began his passionate scene with Drusilla in too *forte* a tone, but showed resource in the conduct of it. Mr. Fernandez finds suitable work, which he accomplishes well, as the Quaker father. Miss Rose Leclercq plays her one short scene as Lady Bawtry with fine appreciation of comedy; and for their share in what will be a very notable success when the fourth act has been reformed altogether, Mr. Allan, Mr. Robb Harwood, and Miss Horlock deserve commendation.

LÉO DELIBES.

THE death of M. Léo Delibes is a loss to art and to society; for, not only was he a delightful composer, but he was singularly gifted as a conversationalist and man of the world. Only a month ago he was full of life and spirits, and no one who saw him could have imagined that in a few days he would be stricken by a fatal illness. He was literally the picture of robust health, although some members of his family noticed there were signs of a slight deterioration, and that he often appeared fatigued and irritable. But his singularly handsome and mobile countenance appeared as full of energetic expression as ever, as, with sparkling eyes, he spoke hopefully of the future and of the works he contemplated achieving, among them being an opera on the subject of Mary Stuart. But death carried him off in a few hours, to the infinite regret of his innumerable friends and admirers in all parts of the world. M. Delibes was born at Le Mans, in the department of the Sarthe, in 1836. As a child he manifested extraordinary musical talent, even precocity; and, as he possessed a beautiful soprano voice, he acquired before he was twelve years of age fame as a church singer. It sufficed for the priests to announce that *le petit Léo* was going to sing to have their church thronged by perhaps a more admiring than pious congregation. He was in due time sent to Paris, and became a pupil at the Conservatoire, having for masters Couppéy, Benoist, and Bazin. Adolphe Adam, however, was his principal teacher, and from this charming composer he doubtless obtained much of the extreme elegance and delicacy which distinguished his music, and which found their highest expression in the lovely ballet music of *Sylvie*, which compares favourably with Lully, which it surpasses in tunefulness, even if it does not eclipse it in grace and originality. Delibes was a devoted admirer and pupil of the great Florentine composer whom Paris claimed as her own, but who persisted in declaring himself a Tuscan to the end, much to the annoyance of Louis XIV. In 1850 M. Delibes was already accompanist at the Théâtre Lyrique, and four years later he composed his first published work—the charming *Deux Vieilles Gardes*, played at the Bouffes Parisiens in 1856. This was followed by *Six Demoiselles à Marier*, which failed, and by *Maitre Griffard*, which is still occasionally produced. His friendship with Offenbach brought him prominently forward; for, whatever may have been his faults, the composer of *La Belle Hélène* was extremely generous to his fellow-artists, and he actually made it a condition in his contracts that works by Delibes should be performed at the Bouffes, as well as his own. Of those which Delibes produced at this theatre, by far the best is *Le Serpent à Plumes*, which contains some really exquisite *chansonnettes*. In 1859 the delightful *Jardinier et son Seigneur* was performed at the Théâtre Lyrique, and made a marked impression. In 1862 Delibes was appointed chorus-master at the Opéra, and began to compose his marvellously beautiful ballet-music. *Coppélia* is a masterpiece of elegance and grace; but when, in 1876, *Sylvie* was represented, the genius of its composer was at once recognized, and he was immediately received amongst the foremost composers of the day. The *Pizzicati* and the *Cortège de Bacchus* have become only too popular. In 1873 *Le Roi l'a dit* was produced at the Opéra Comique. It contains much excellent music, but the libretto is painfully dull. In 1880 *Jean de Nivelle* was first performed at the same theatre, with immense success. It contains a noble march, which was performed on Tuesday as the coffin containing the remains of its composer was being conveyed out of the church of St. Roch to the cemetery. *Lacmé*, written for Mlle. Marie van Zandt, has been heard and admired wherever this voluble vocalist has appeared. Among Delibes's fragmentary and detached works are *Les Lansquenets*, the pretty *Marche des Soldats*, and the noble incidental music composed for the revival of *Le Roi s'amuse* a few seasons back. As a teacher at the Conservatoire M. Delibes was amazingly popular. His truly French gaiety and his delightful manners won the sympathy of all who had the honour of knowing him. In person he was exceedingly striking. His towering stature—above six feet—his great breadth of shoulders, and his colossal and quite Olympian head,

gave him the appearance of a Titan, albeit a very jovial one, whose laughter "quite shook the stage." It was as irresistibly contagious as his humour and good-nature. He was universally beloved—a fact which accounts for the enormous crowd of people of all classes who, notwithstanding the bitter cold, followed his hearse through the snow from the church of St. Roch to Montparnasse. M. Delibes, in *Coppélia* and *Sylvie*—altogether his finest compositions—raised ballet-music to a higher level than it attained in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and in *Jean de Nivelle* he displayed a breadth of style and a knowledge of harmony which his most ardent admirers scarcely believed he possessed. His death is all the more to be deplored as it is known that he had just finished a new opera, called *Kassia*, which will be brought out immediately.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

A WINTER of extraordinary severity makes us meditate on "the mystery of pain." Why should the whole creation in northerly latitudes be made utterly miserable or intensely uncomfortable in this particular season? We can only recognize the fact, and leave the solution to the future. We say nothing now of the sufferings of the destitute, though the most sensational journalism and all the appeals of the charitable organizations can hardly place them in a sufficiently realistic light. But the rich, who should be lapped in luxury, and who can control their own movements, are grumbling just as bitterly, although possibly with somewhat less reason. Where are they to go to escape the cold? The favourite winter resorts have been suffering atrociously. The weather on the Riviera has been dull and bitter; the fortified heights of the Tête de Chien, which looks down on Monte Carlo, have been covered with snow; the gales from the Bay of Biscay have been blighting the refugees in Biarritz, and Pau has been shivering in its marrow-piercing damp. The popular delusions as to pleasant wintering in Central Italy have been exploded since the Riviera was brought into fashion. Florence, in a cold season, might be the headquarters of Canadian clubs for skating and tobogganing; Rome, between the mists of the Campagna and the sewerage choked back by the swelling of the Tiber, is a reeking and pestilential graveyard at all times; and as for the Chiaja and Villa Nazionale at Naples, they might be the playground of Æolus and Boreas and all the rest of the breezes, buffeting each other with sleet and hail. Sicily has the reputation of being sunny, and so it often may be. But we have passed an April at Messina in thick English woollens, and had to be on the move to keep the blood in circulation. In Constantinople you have the counterblasts of the wild Crimean storms. This season, they say, the thermometer at Gibraltar has reached 7 degrees of frost. The only spots where one can be absolutely safe are in Africa or in the Fortunate Islands of the Atlantic. There are comfortable establishments in Cairo competing with the long-established "Shepherd's"; they are running a big hotel beneath the pyramids of Ghizeh; and now we are being told to try Biskra, which is somewhere beyond the mountains in Algeria, and on the borders of the sultry Sahara. But as to all the places which have a temperature at blood-heat, we may parody the Duke of Wellington's famous dictum as to investments in the reverse sense. Absolute security means low interest, or rather no interest at all. In other words, you are simply bored to death. Cairo is lively and noisy enough in all conscience; but donkey-riding and the second-rate French cafés cause satiety at the last, even when the sunsets seen from the citadel are thrown in. The sauntering along the garbage-strewn shore of the tideless Mediterranean at Morocco becomes monotonous; and, although there may be novelty in playing lawn-tennis between the inscrutable Sphinx and the pyramid of King Cheops, yet one ought to be a lizard or a Libyan lion to take kindly to life in these depressing conditions. For, in fact, it is the curse of the intelligent or the intellectual Englishman that he is condemned to carry his London about with him. When he leaves its fogs behind, he bids adieu to congenial society. In light flannels, under a sunshade and in a pith helmet, he sighs at last for the frequent posts, the morning papers, and the "latest editions." Like the confirmed dram-drinker, he is wretched in a change to total abstinence, and he would almost welcome the excitement of worry, even in the shape of a formidable campaign against his rents, or the heart-breaking elopement of his favourite daughter.

The moral of the whole matter is, that most men, and more especially when money is an object, would do wisely to stay at home—unless, indeed, the doctors declare without a doubt that they are being entered for a race with a galloping consumption. But we must say that things might be made much pleasanter at home, and if they would combine to help themselves others would help them. Members of clubs should take a lesson from the working classes, and combine against the mismanagement of the committees. There is a popular delusion among ladies that clubs are temples of luxury where reckless profusion reigns supreme. How very little they know about it! Take, as a special example, the establishment which figures in classic fiction as "The Minerva"—the house of call of the bloated Episcopacy and of the luxury-loving lawyers who sit nodding on the Bench. In anything short of a pronounced yellow fog, the *habitués* are compelled to sit straining their eyes in gloom faintly

irradiated by flickering electricity. They try to read by about a tenth of the candle-power which is lavished on all comers at the Place de l'Opéra in Paris, or even on the Parade at an easy-going watering-place like Eastbourne. There is as keen a run, by decrepit elderly gentlemen, on the strictly limited number of armchairs, as on any bishopric or benchship that has just gone vacant. And as to the variety and quality of the *cuisine*, the less said about that the better. The mystery is, that any gentlemen with comfortable homes should leave their domestic Corinth for these Spartas. The explanation is that which places a winter Eden beyond human reach—namely, that they prize good company, fresh gossip, and excitement beyond climate or any other earthly good.

To turn from the clubs to the railways. Among suburban lines, the South-Eastern and London and Brighton serve the majority of wealthy Londoners. "Serve," we say, but, really, the railways are the masters, and most hard and parsimonious masters they are. We have nothing to urge against the policy of fostering third-class traffic with thin cushions, or of making "the intermediate state" less of a purgatory to those who pay second-class fares. But surely, in their relations with their most liberal customers, the directors need not be so desperately democratic and so shabbily tyrannical. The difference of money should entitle the first-class travellers to comfortable conveyance, decent light, and a reasonable temperature. It is remarkable, by the way, that Mr. Smith, who should be more interested than most men in "spreading the light"—to borrow the language of the dynamiters—should sell such infamous reading-lamps. We might have more scruple in hooking lamps up to the cushions, were it not that everywhere off the main line the South-Eastern sends one adrift in what Artemus Ward dismissed as "strings of second-hand coffins." Were we to dress down to our travelling conveniences, we should reform our tailor's bills with a vengeance. At all events, the Company is consistent, for pace and punctuality are on a par with the accommodation. Nothing can be more praiseworthy than the civility of the officials; but, though we cannot speak authoritatively as to their working hours, we can answer for it that they never are over-driven. "Once late, always late," might be the motto of the line, and there is never an attempt to recover lost time. Guards and station-masters are given to understand that passengers and their engagements are not to be considered. In the depth of the fogs and the height of the Christmas traffic, in a train already belated by a couple of hours, we have passed three-quarters of an hour at Croydon, while a three-ton meat-van was being leisurely unloaded; and we have waited for an hour in the dark elsewhere, while they were shuffling trucks on the sidings for a missing horse-box. Conceive such an incident occurring on the North-Western, with its incessant despatch of swift trains in something like every ten minutes by day and by night! Nevertheless Sir Edward Watkin used to assert that his line was the most punctual in the kingdom, even before he had widened the narrow necks of the bottles at Cannon Street and Charing Cross, and we suppose we are bound to believe him. Yet we remember another memorable utterance of his, in which, ignoring early extravagance and more recent fancy prices squandered for urban lots, he declared that every shareholder of his had an indefeasible right to a minimum dividend of 5 per cent.

We wish he could be persuaded to transfer his genius for organization and his energies to the virgin territories in the sphere of British Africa. There he might make a fair start from the first; getting lands to any extent at prairie value; financing on the security of barbarian concessions; and developing ideal probabilities of traffic, without being elbowed between the "Brighton" or the "Chatham and Dover." Seriously, the prospectus of the new "African Banking Corporation," which appears to be a sound and promising undertaking, is agreeably suggestive of British expansion in Southern and Eastern Africa. Englishmen are said to be pushed to the wall by the Germans in Mexico and South America, in the Southern Pacific, and as commercial travellers in Southern Europe. When it is a question of balance-sheets and the knowledge of tongues, we believe the Germans have decidedly the best of it. But in broad schemes of colonization it would appear that Old England still can hold her own. The suckers of the British octopus stretch and cling. The new Company suggests the peaceful annexation of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. Long bills and easy discounts may do better with the money-grubbing Boers than the bullets which were worse than wasted at Majuba. Then the prospectus is redolent of the spices and sugar-canes of Zanzibar, which has virtually passed into British possession. And already it speaks sanguinely of banking in Mashonaland, where as yet the only lucrative business has been conducted by assegais and cheap muskets, in raiding and driving colonial cattle. It will be a pleasing sign of the world's progress, and a symptom of the coming millennium, when the African Banking Corporation (Limited) establishes a branch bank on the site of the kral of the sanguinary Moselikatse, where he celebrated his *fête* days with blood battues of his subjects.

Our poor relations in fur and feathers are having as distressing times of it as the frozen-out labourers in East London and elsewhere. If they all moped and meditated like the pensive owls, they might envy the dormice who have tucked themselves up snugly and gone in for oblivion through the winter. Or the squirrels, the water-rats, and the field-mice, which have cause to congratulate themselves on their membership in pro-

vident domestic associations, with well-stored magazines and ample reserves. The foxes are dropping down heavily on the poultry-yards, as the wolves are said to be howling in the streets of Cadiz. As for the rabbits and the few hares spared by Sir William Harcourt, they may be safely trusted to keep themselves in condition, so long as there are thriving saplings to be stripped, or flourishing young plantations to be injured. But the mortality among the song-birds has been sadly marked. The larks are migratory, so happily the supply is practically inexhaustible. But the hearts of the gardeners are gladdened by the sight of the skeleton corpses of thrushes and blackbirds; and next spring, unless where the nightingales come to the rescue, many a melodious copse will be songless. The only birds that should be happy are the sparrow-hawks and kestrels, and they find feeble prey in abundance, if they do not mind picking the fleshless bones. But, in common with the rest, they must suffer from the want of water, which is killing off the grouse by thousands on the North English moors, for Scotland has come off comparatively well. And the touch of human sympathy that makes all the world akin has been set throbbing by famine prices in the markets for luxuries. Plump game has been going up with the coals, for generally even hand-fed pheasants are out of condition, and the water-fowl are the shadows of what they should be. Salmon has been retailed at 10s. per pound because the Dutch and German rivers have been icebound. And even the mud-loving eel has been quoted at fabulous rates because the Dutch eel-boats have been frost-bound off Billingsgate. We shrink from touching on the case of the cod and the soles, because that is a question of the sufferings of the North Sea trawlers.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE reckless policy being followed by the Provisional Government of Brazil, and the wild speculation that is accompanying it, are alarming the European holders of Brazilian securities. On Monday, for instance, there was a fall at one time of as much as 6 in the Four per Cent. Bonds of 1889, though it has since been recovered. The selling is understood to have been chiefly from Paris. But the sharpness of the decline shows that the London market has also become apprehensive. Doubtless the revival of disquieting rumours exaggerated the fall. But, apart from that, there is only too much ground for the uneasy feeling respecting Brazilian finance that exists. In the first place the army appears to be acting as Pretorian bands usually do. The *Rio News* states that an Opposition paper had been attacked by military men, and that these latter were protected by the Government. It adds that assaults in the public streets by soldiers upon civilians occurred every day; that the Government has forbidden police interference with the soldiery; and that, in their confidence, robberies and burglaries by soldiers are common. The *Rio News* adds that there is a plot going on for establishing a dictatorship and setting aside the new Constitution even before it is voted. At the same time the Government has launched into a career of extravagance, which must bring the Republic to bankruptcy if not checked. Up to the present time the Finance Minister has not laid any Republican Budget before Congress, pleading that Congress is at present only a constituent assembly, and has no jurisdiction therefore over finance. But the Minister at the same time admits that in 1888 there was a deficit of about 2½ millions sterling; that since then the expenditure has increased about two millions sterling, while the receipts have not increased. And as a portion of the taxes that used to be collected by the Imperial Government will have to be handed over by the Federal Government to the several States, the receipts will in reality be considerably reduced in the future. Consequently, in the past year there is an estimated deficit of about 5½ millions sterling. The Minister talks of new taxes, but nobody believes that a deficit of such amount can be covered. On the other hand, the Minister pleads that a reduction of expenditure is impossible, and the *Rio* newspapers generally admit that this is so because a very large part of the expenditure has been incurred in increasing the pay of the army, and the Government dare not reduce it again. Another large part has been incurred in public works, and in giving guarantees to railways and to other industrial companies.

According to one of the best Brazilian papers, railways of the length of 21,000 kilometres have been authorized to be constructed by the Provisional Government, and all these Companies have been guaranteed interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on their capital, the capital being 3,000l. per kilometre, or 63 millions sterling. Six per cent. on this sum would involve an annual charge of a little over 3½ millions sterling. To other industrial Companies guarantees have been given involving an annual charge of about 540,000l. per annum. Consequently, during the short period since the revolution, the guarantees granted by the Provisional Government have laid upon the public an annual charge considerably exceeding 4½ millions sterling. The old guarantees, it is calculated, would raise the total charge to considerably over five millions sterling a year. It is reasonably to be presumed that many of the new enterprises will never be floated. It is not likely that European capital to carry them out can be raised, and it is still less likely that the capital can be raised at home. Therefore, many of the guarantees will never become an actual charge. But that does not alter the fact that the Govern-

ment is granting in the most reckless manner concessions and guarantees, which are laying a burden upon the country far beyond its capacity to bear. Of course it is insinuated that very many of the concessions are given either for party or for corrupt purposes. But whether the charges against the Government on this score be true or false, the fact that guarantees to such an extent have been given in so short a time is quite sufficient to alarm the holders of Brazilian securities. There is another aspect of these guarantees not less disquieting for people interested in Brazil. It is the evidence they afford of the wild speculation that is going on. That in little more than a year Companies for the construction of new railways, or the extension of old ones, should have been formed with capitals amounting in the aggregate to 63 millions sterling in a country so backward and so thinly peopled as Brazil is sufficiently significant. But railway enterprise, as already said, is not the only form in which this mad speculation shows itself. Between July 1889 and the middle of September last, according to the Brazilian journal already referred to, the new capital asked for in the Rio market amounted to the enormous sum of 143½ millions sterling.

Worse if possible than the granting of guarantees to railway and other industrial Companies has been the impolicy of the Government in establishing new banks. We have seen in the Argentine Republic what has followed excessive issues of inconvertible paper. Instead of taking warning from that Republic, the Provisional Government of Brazil has been excited to rivalry, and it has authorized new banks of issue, with the result that the notes which they have a right to issue have been very nearly doubled, having been raised from about 50 millions sterling to over 90 millions sterling. Of course these excessive issues have led to a depreciation in the value of the paper, and equally of course they have stimulated the wild speculation in new industrial enterprises of all kinds to which we have referred above, while they have also induced a mad speculation in land, houses, and all sorts of Stock Exchange securities. Prices have risen unduly, and with them the cost of living, leading to much discontent amongst the poor. There can be no doubt that this mischievous policy will lead before very long to the same results as have already been experienced in the Argentine Republic. The banks will become discredited, the bank-notes will fall more and more in value, there will be a crisis upon the Stock Exchange followed by a ruinous fall in all prices, and then not impossibly there may be another political revolution. At all events, the situation is sufficiently grave to account for the apprehension that has sprung up here and upon the Continent respecting the future of Brazil, and unless there is a change, the apprehension is sure to grow as time goes on.

The heavy fall in Brazilian Government Bonds above referred to, and a large sale of Consols, about a quarter of a million it is said, on Monday, caused an uneasy feeling in the stock markets, and revived disquieting rumours. It was alleged that another of the great contractors who are engaged in building railways in several South American countries is in difficulties, and that his difficulties are likely to embarrass important houses. A couple of firms of very high standing were whispered about, and there was talk of several smaller firms. Apparently there was no foundation for all these alarmist rumours, excepting the fact that contractors engaged in building railways in South America just now must be greatly embarrassed by the difficulty of either realizing South American securities, or of borrowing upon them, and the further fact that there had been a large sale of Consols, which sent the price down nearly ½ at one time. Naturally people called to mind that in the early autumn selling of Consols went on week after week and month after month until the price was driven down to 93½, affording evidence of the serious difficulties of great financial houses, and the general apprehension of bankers, and when a large sale occurred on Monday it was thought there must be difficulty once more. Quickly, however, the price recovered, and since then has advanced further, showing that, whatever was the cause of the large sale on Monday, it was not such as the market at first apprehended. Nevertheless, the alarm given, and the serious condition of so many South American countries, the Argentine Republic, Uruguay, Brazil, and Chili, with the uncertainty caused by the silver discussion in the United States, and the fear that the disorganization of the finances in Italy, Spain, and Portugal will before long become worse and worse, have quite stopped business for the present. The speculative recovery of last week has come to an end, and markets, though they have not fallen very much, are quite lifeless. As usual at this time of the year, there is a fair amount of investment business going on, but speculation has been completely checked. Home railway stocks, too, have been rather inanimate because of the persistent bad weather and the continuance of the Scotch strike, as well as of the fear that there may be strikes in England also. In Paris there has not been the revival of speculation which was expected after the success of the new loan, the Berlin Bourse is overloaded and anxious, and in the United States the silver uncertainty, together with the continuance of banking failures, has for the time being, at all events, stopped the speculative recovery.

Notice has been issued this week for the conversion of the Russian Four and a Half per Cent. Loan of 1875, amounting to a little over 14½ millions sterling. Nearly 2 millions sterling will be paid off in cash, and the remainder converted into Four per Cent. bonds. And no doubt before very long a further in-

stalment of the conversion will be undertaken. The Russian Government mainly depends upon the Paris Bourse for its success, English holders having long ago got rid of Russian bonds. It has been decided, and rightly we think, to postpone for some time longer the contemplated Conversion of the Egyptian Domain Loan, and the Turkish loans secured upon the Egyptian Tribute. Cheap and abundant as money is just now, the market is hardly in a condition which would promise an unqualified success for any Conversion scheme. And no great house with a due sense of its own safety and its responsibilities would attempt an operation which might involve the lock-up of many millions of capital.

Early in the week the price of silver advanced to 48½d., but on Wednesday fell to 48d. per ounce, and on Thursday to 47½d. There is still much uncertainty as to what Congress may do. Apparently the Western States wish for free coinage only as regards American silver. But the production of silver in the United States up to the present time has never amounted to 54 million ounces in the year, which is the amount which the Treasury must buy under last year's Act. If, therefore, last year's Act is repealed, and free coinage so far as American silver is concerned is adopted, there will be a reduction in the American consumption of that metal, and therefore there will probably be a fall in the price in Europe. On the other hand, it seems evident that opposition to free coinage is growing stronger and stronger in the Eastern and Middle States; all the States, in fact, which have accumulated much capital, and therefore are somewhat in the position of such European countries as England and France, that is to say, are themselves lenders of capital to the poorer States west and south. The opposition of the Eastern and Middle States being so strong, the opinion is gaining ground that a Free Coinage Bill will not pass the House of Representatives, and that if it does, it will be vetoed by the President. But, as the West is so anxious for further legislation, it is thought probable that the amount of silver to be bought by the Treasury may be increased. If that were the final result, the effect upon the silver market for a while, at all events, would probably be good. The money market at home and abroad would not be at once alarmed by the hoarding of gold, and an increased American demand for silver would help the speculators to run up its price, as well as the prices of all silver securities. But it remains to be seen whether, now that the Eastern and Middle States have become fully alive to the nature of this silver legislation, they may not go on hoarding gold, and so affect the money market, whatever Congress may decide upon doing.

The value of money has continued to fall this week, although the shipments of gold to the Continent have been very large. During the week ended Wednesday night they were not much short of three-quarters of a million. On the other hand, coin and notes are rapidly returning from the circulation. The Bank of Holland early in the week lowered its rate of discount from 4½ to 4 per cent., which is taken to mean that its reserve has now been sufficiently strengthened; and, as rates are also falling in Germany and Austria, it is hoped that the drain to the Continent is nearly satisfied. We doubt that very much; but just now we are only reporting the hopes of the market. The New York banks, too, have greatly strengthened themselves, and rates are very easy in New York. Consequently, the rate of discount in the open market here in London on Wednesday evening was little better than 1½ per cent., as it was generally expected that the Directors of the Bank of England would lower their rate on Thursday. And they did lower it from 4 per cent., at which it had stood for only a fortnight, to 3½ per cent. The Bank's reserve exceeds 17 millions, and under existing circumstances it was useless to keep up the rate.

Compared with the closing price on Thursday of last week, Brazilian Four and a Half per Cent. Bonds of 1888 showed on Thursday evening a fall of 3, closing at 81, and the Four per Cents of 1889, closing at 75½, showed a fall of 2. In Chilean Four and a Half per Cents of 1886, which closed at 90, there was a fall of 1. What we say above sufficiently explains the decline in Brazilians, and the disturbing news from Chili would account for even a greater drop. Strange to say, the announcement that the Argentine Government and the guarantors of Messrs. Baring Brothers have come to an arrangement with respect to the Drainage and Waterworks Company has sent up the price of Argentine stock. Thus the 1886 Loan, closing on Thursday evening at 75½, shows a rise of 1 compared with Thursday evening of last week. And Argentine Cédulas series "A," closing at 32, show a rise of ½. These Argentine Cédulas, of course, are entirely unfit for investment. The capitalist who can afford to lock up his money in the hope of some day or other seeing a great rise may do so if he is of a speculative disposition, and the speculator pure and simple will either buy or sell as he thinks the market is favourable for one or other operation. But Cédulas, whether National or Provincial, ought not to be touched by the investor. Argentine bonds, again, at present prices, are not tempting enough for him, remembering that payment of interest in cash is to be suspended for three years, and bearing in mind also that a revolution is possible. The general discredit of the South American States is reflected upon Mexico, in the internal bonds of which, closing at 33½ on Thursday evening, there was a fall of 1 for the week. But in inter-Bourse securities generally there is a rise, though not large, Egyptian Unified, for example, closing

at 97½ on Thursday evening, show an advance of ½ compared with the preceding Thursday. The Defence Loan—that is, the Turkish loan of 1877 secured on the Egyptian Tribute—closing at 102½, shows, likewise, an advance of ½ for the week. And Russian bonds are up ½. As there is a Russian Conversion going on, the rise in Russians is explained by that, while it is understood that as soon as the market is prepared, probably in a month or two, the Turkish Defence Loan will also be converted. There is little change in Consols and Indian and Colonial stocks for the week. In Home railway stocks the changes are generally upward, Great Northern Preferred, for instance, closing on Thursday at 110, or 2 higher than on the preceding Thursday. Midland, closing at 149½, was up ½, while Great Eastern, closing at 91½, showed an advance of as much as 3. In spite of the strike, too, North British Deferred, closing at 52½, was up ½. But North-Eastern Consols were down 1, at 166½. The falling off in the traffic receipts and the declaration of a dividend ½ per cent. less than at this time last year account for the decline. In American railroad securities there is a fall all round, the Bank failure and the silver discussion having stopped speculation. Atchison shares are down 2, so are Milwaukee, while Erie Preferred are down as much as 3, and Illinois Central, which closed on Thursday at 102, showed a fall of 2½.

OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

(Second Notice.)

HE would be a rash man who should decide with an *obiter dictum* so difficult a point as the authenticity of the interesting Spanish pictures lent to the Royal Academy by Mrs. Lyne Stephens. On the whole, probability is distinctly against their being considered genuine examples of Velasquez, who, though he painted, it is said, twenty-three portraits of Philip IV., probably forgot to paint No. 116. The "Infanta Maria Theresa" (112) is of a like dubiousness. But the magnificent "Don Gaspar de Guzman" (113) is surely genuine. There is a glow about this brave equestrian portrait which only Velasquez could have given. Painted, perhaps, about 1530, this picture represents the Duke splendid in armour and embroideries, galloping to the edge of a steep cliff, below which stretches the sea. Among these Velasquez hangs a large lunette, part of a decoration made by Murillo in 1656 for the church of Santa Maria de la Blanca (114). On the same north wall of the third gallery are several other notable South European pictures. Of unusual interest is the group of himself and his wife (117) by Francisco di Ribalta, a rare Spanish master, who, working under Sebastian del Piombo, introduced the Italian qualities of harmony and warmth of colour into the school of Valencia, of which he became the head. He died in the youth of Velasquez, having been a pioneer of the great Spanish masters. Ribalta, who was a fervent son of the Church, appears in this fine work dressed in a black ecclesiastical dress, embroidered on the breast with the red cross of Santiago.

By Tintoretto is a noble portrait of a flushed sailor (118), some stout captain of the tribe of Barbarigo, painted as men of the sea like to be portrayed, at a window, with plenty of ships in the offing. A curious twisted figure of a naked "Saint" (119), lying, face downwards, on a bed of brambles, is signed by Bronzino. Surprising vigour of drawing and depth of tone mark the large and important Sodoma, an elderly "St. Jerome" (110), kneeling, with his accessories of skull, book, lion, and cardinal's hat, in a brown landscape of amazing variety. It is a fault of the age to which this accomplished painter belonged that dirty and exaggerated shadows are employed to give needless relief to the limbs. Beside this "St. Jerome" hangs a large landscape, beautiful in tones of amber and deep blue, artificial but harmonious in composition, by Pietro Francesco Mola (111). A divine or a philosopher (115), of aspect learned, but somewhat repellent, reading a book, *De Morte*, is painted with astonishing reality by Giambattista Moroni, but without the beauty of the "Tailor," which is one of the gems of the National Gallery. We must not omit to call attention to Lord Bristol's fine Spagnoletto, a half-figure of "Simeon" (106) with the Infant Jesus in his arms.

We have as yet, however, given no indication of the treasures which line the walls of the First Room, which is dedicated to the English school at its highest point of achievement. As we enter, under a delicious landscape (1) by Gainsborough, hangs Reynolds's "Master Bunbury" (2), sitting in a wood, with a determined air of wonder in his great black eyes, without a shirt, but clad in a handsome coat of dark orange. The vivid freshness of the child's expression is wonderful. A Gainsborough of unusual beauty is the "James Christie, Esq." (4), all grey and rosy in tone; the auctioneer holds in his hand a large picture, apparently one of Gainsborough's own landscapes. Of two Hogarth's, the "Mrs. Desaguliers" (6) is much the more interesting; this lady was the wife, not of the Dr. Desaguliers whose portrait adorns the pulpit in "The Sleeping Congregation," but of a major-general of the name. "The Visit to Grandfather" (7), which reminds one of the plates to some edition of *Evelina* or *Humphrey Clinker*, and looks as if it had been designed for mezzotinting, is one of the subject-groups produced at the end of last century by John Raphael Smith, the engraver. Neither No. 8 nor No. 16 is a very attractive specimen of Zoffany's power as a grouper of portrait-figures; these figures are black and hard: The charming portrait of "Lady Edward Cavendish Bentinck" (10), by

Romney, is almost extinguished by hanging next to a red and blazing "Sea-Fight" with Barbary pirates by night (11), by De Louthembourg. One feels that it was not in vain that this Academician was scene-painter at Drury Lane to Garrick and then to Sheridan. He puts the whole welkin in a turmoil. Between this and a no less lurid engagement at sea, by the same hand, hangs a large and elegant lunette by Etty (13), very delicate in colour, representing "Hesperus, and his daughters three, that sing about the golden tree." "Mrs. Gwyn" (15), in a cream-cloured dress, in an attitude of graceful repose, is a very attractive Hoppner. Boningtons are not so common that we can afford to overlook "Low Tide on the French Coast" (20), a pallid, pearly sunset dying away, and throwing faint effulgence up a stretch of wet sands, on which two children, with scarlet skirts, form a point of bright colour—a small but beautiful example of the Marcellus of our art.

On the other side of the door hangs a curious Reynolds which has not, we think, been seen before, at least of late. It is called "Contemplation" (28), and represents a lady seated, in profile, with a very pensive expression of countenance, a deep-toned landscape of unusual elaborateness being displayed behind her. Some charming Crome are placed on the north wall. The finest is "Poringland Oak" (39), with a group of lads bathing in a pool at the left hand of the foreground. The trunk of the oak itself, spreading over the water, shines with silvery reflected light. "The Willow Tree" (33), by the same admirable master, is full of delightful qualities of precision and selection, and is more gay in tone than is usual with Crome. A bright little example of a lesser Norwich master, Joseph Stannard, is "The Marl Staithe" (32). There are few more beautiful Romneys in existence than the "Mrs. Carwardine and Child" (40), lent by Lord Hillingdon. The pale and tender face of the mother is bent with graceful anxiety over the young head that gazes out as if just about to weep; the white cap of the mother introduces an intimate and homely touch. We seem far from the brilliant countesses of Reynolds and Gainsborough, in a more subdued and modest atmosphere, suitable to the sentimental genius of Romney. We can do no more than merely mention the famous Turners which this room contains, Lord Wantage's "Sheerness" (36), Sir John Pender's "Wreckers" (21), and "Kilgarran Castle" (18).

The Black and White Room is dedicated to examples of the water-colour art of England from its rise to the time of John Varley. Seven beautiful examples of Paul Sandby, all lent by the Queen, give an admirable impression of the genius of the father of British water-colour. The "View of Windsor" (1) and "Windsor Castle" (2) are pre-eminently calculated to make us appreciate the pure touch and fine science of this remarkable artist. With the Sandbys are hung a delicate and theatrical landscape of "The Lake of Albano" (3), by William Pars, doubtless painted when he accompanied Lord Palmerston to Italy, and a "View in Rome" (8) of the same period. Two views of a "Ruined Abbey" in Shropshire (10, 11) display the art of Michael Angelo Rooker, with his accurate architecture bathed in a soft glow of light. By Edward Dayes, the master of Girtin, we find a "Greenwich Hospital" (12), and one of those waterfalls (13) which were the speciality of Francis Nicholson. Thomas Hearne, whose place in the history of water-colour Mr. Monkhouse has ably elucidated, is represented by two drawings, one, "Castleacre Priory" (15), small but of great beauty. Of John Robert Cozens the Royal Academy has secured not less than fourteen drawings, many of them important and highly representative. These are almost entirely dreamy Italian landscapes, marked by his heroic treatment of light and shade, and the grand lines of his composition. Constable said that Cozens was "all poetry," and "the greatest genius that ever touched landscape." Such noble drawings as the "Convent on the Walls of Naples" (16) and "Villa Negroni" (18) may help to make us understand what he meant. After passing specimens of François Francia, Marlow, and Barrow, we come to two characteristic small drawings by Henry Edridge. "Wormley" (34) is a capital example of the refined and masterly way in which Edridge took portraits of village churches. In our survey we now reach Girtin, of whom ten examples are here hung together. They are all marked by that gravity and rich sincerity which charm us in all Girtin's maturer work, and include such well-known typical examples as "Kelso Abbey" (43), "Lichfield Cathedral" (44), "Godalming Church" (46), and the exquisite "Durham" (38). Ten Varleys complete this part of the exhibition; most of these belong to the central period of the artist's life, when he was painting much in Wales, and had not attained the full richness of his latest work. The general impression which these early English water-colours give us, is one of great distinction and delicacy. We see the limitations of the school in the very fact of the strong family resemblance which they bear to one another; but, at the same time, we realize from these originals, far better than from engravings or other reproductions, what a store of technical accomplishment it possessed. It was really doing sound and modest work at a time when English art in all other directions, except portraiture, was trying vain or perilous experiments.

The Water-Colour Room carries on the series and brings it down to recent times. It is impossible to avoid wishing that, by some inconceivable act of munificence or of public robbery, the contents of this particular gallery could be added *en masse* to the public collection. We begin with ten superb Cotmans, including the "Yarmouth Beach, 1831" (62), involved in a fantastic blue

coil of the approaching storm. Round the corner begins the set of twelve specimens of David Cox, the most important of which is Mr. Nettlefold's "Sherwood Forest" (77). Then begins Turner, represented by thirteen examples, including "The Mewstone, Dartmouth" (90), "Colchester Castle" (84), and the superb "St. Mawes" (89). Finer De Wints have been seen in London than the nine drawings which succeed the Turners, but the present show includes some exquisite things. The William Hunts are highly characteristic of that painter's various moods—here are "The Cricketer" (108), a sturdy farm-boy preparing to have a whack at the ball; and the famous "Diffident Sitter" (106), the little shy girl, with apple cheeks, gazing out demurely. We pass another doorway, and reach George Barret's dewy, rustic landscapes and classic glades. There are but few Boningtons and only two Samuel Prouts; of the latter, however, one (125) is a very characteristic porch of a cathedral. Three landscapes by George Fennel Robson—the painter whose sudden, early death, possibly by poison, was the talk of the art world in 1833—display the quality of romantic work now rarely seen. Two sunny landscapes by William Havell exemplify the work of a much earlier master, who died much later. The exhibition closes with an unexampled show of exquisite work by Samuel Palmer, John Frederick Lewis, and Fred Walker, of the drawings of the last of which no fewer than fourteen are displayed once more, to the delight of amateurs and the despair of younger painters.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

THERE are certain historical personages—Joan of Arc, Mary Stuart, Charles I., Louis XVI., and Marie Antoinette, for instance—whose lives were so charged with misfortunes and sorrows as to have rendered them, one would have hoped, safe from the profanation of the burlesque-writer. But at this end of the nineteenth century good taste is disappearing quite as fast as reverence; else there would have been more protest against the use of Joan of Arc's name as a "peg" for Messrs. Adrian Ross and J. L. Shine to hang their pointless rhymes and ill-timed jokes upon. It is all very well for these authors to excuse themselves and their bad taste by the following lines:—

Not her who wrought the great deliverance,
And beat our fathers backward long ago;
Not her upon our stage we seek to show—
The patriot peasant-maid, the soul of France.
We do but hang our web of song and dance
Upon the vantage of a name you know.

But we must not be surprised if our neighbours the French express themselves indignantly about the matter, just as we should ourselves protest, in these days of peace, were a Parisian opéra-bouffe composer to select the career of one of our national heroes—Nelson or Wellington, for example—as a subject for travesty. Fortunately, however, there is no vestige of a story in *Joan of Arc*, as presented at the Opéra Comique on Saturday night last. It merely consists of a series of loosely connected scenes, in which Miss Emma Chambers, whose physical appearance is unsuited to the character of Joan, flutters about rather aimlessly in an extremely close-fitting suit of silver-tissue mail. Scattered through the dialogue are a number of bad puns and silly jokes—the Château de Chinon is called *De Chignon*, and the village of Domrémy, *Do ré mi*. The authors say their aim is to provoke laughter, and perhaps they succeed; for "there are many more fools in this world, my masters, than knowing men." The libretto, poor as it is, is still up to the standard required by the "mashers" of the hour, who have replaced the defunct "crutch and toothpick brigade." There is a droll duet for Mr. Arthur Roberts and Mr. Danby, "Round the Town," and Mr. Roberts's patter-song is very funny. The music by Mr. Osmond Carr makes no pretensions to originality, and is therefore lively enough; whilst its orchestration is surprisingly good. The pit and gallery judiciously hooted a so-called "strike scene." It was in bad taste and out of place, as much so, indeed, as the Maid of Orleans herself. Miss Emma Chambers has a pretty little voice, and sings nicely. Mr. Shine on Saturday night was almost speechless—which is not wonderful, when the state of the weather is taken into consideration. Miss Alma Stanley looked statuesque as the Earl of Shrewsbury. Miss Phyllis Broughton danced gracefully, as usual, a skirt dance à l'Anglaise, and was rivalled by Miss Kate Seymour in the same field. Mr. Charles Danby and Mr. Arthur Roberts, by dint of bustling and good will, kept the burlesque from collapse, and won deserved applause. Their hard work was worthy of a better cause. Mr. Percy Anderson's costumes are graceful and artistic, notably so his polychromatic dresses introduced into the village of *Do ré mi*, and in the Market-place at Rouen, a very pretty scene. The Opéra Comique has been very artistically re-decorated by Mr. Campbell Smith.

Much compressed, and in part re-written, Mr. F. C. Burnand's new play, *Private Inquiry*, now runs its course smoothly and merrily enough at the Strand Theatre, where it has every chance of success, for it is exceedingly lively, and, moreover, very well acted throughout. Mr. Willie Edouin is admirably suited with the part of 'Arry Ooker, which brings out all the best points of his style. Miss May Whitty, who has improved so much of late, is charming as the heroine, and nothing could be better than the Mrs. Wrackham of Miss Marie Linden. Very bright, too, is the

Fanny Finch of Miss Georgie Esmond. In this depressing weather a visit to the Strand Theatre is quite refreshing—at any rate, one laughs very heartily, although, to be sure, the plot of *Private Inquiry* is a trifle redolent of the Palais Royal, where we go when we are in Paris—Mrs. Grundy and all—as regularly as we do to church at home.

Ravenswood fills the programme at the Lyceum on Friday evenings only, when that theatre is crowded to excess to witness one of the most romantically picturesque of Mr. Irving's productions. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the colouring and grouping in the scene at the Mermaid's Well, or in the contract episode at Ravenswood Hall. This last scene would make a splendid picture. Who, too, can forget, once having seen it, the impressive view on the Quicksands, which so appropriately brings this fine but gloomy tragedy to a close? Of Miss Ellen Terry we can safely say she is Lucy Ashton. She does not act, she is. In order to save Miss Terry from the over-fatigue of acting twice in one day, *The Bells* takes the place of *Much Ado about Nothing* on Saturday evenings, as there is a matinée of Shakespeare's comedy every Saturday afternoon. On February 7 *The Lyons Mail* will be given. On Saturday, January 31, the first matinée of *Ravenswood* takes place.

Next Wednesday afternoon Mr. Wilson Barrett intends producing Kotzebue's old-fashioned, but still striking, play, *The Stranger*, in which Miss Winifred Emery will appear as Mrs. Haller and Mr. Barrett as the Stranger. *The Lights of London* will succeed *The Silver King* shortly. By the way, is there not a scene in this play—in which an outraged father tears the jewels from his daughter's neck—that closely resembles the much-talked-of episode in the third act of *The Dancing Girl*? Verily, there is nothing new under the sun, especially in the drama.

We have paid a visit to Mr. D'Oyly Carte's new theatre, which opens next week, and which is to win fame and, let us hope, fortune as the Royal English Opera House. It certainly stands well, being completely isolated—as, indeed, all theatres should be—and is consequently exceptionally safe in case of accident or panic. Another excellent feature is that it is fire-proof, for, with the exception of the stage carpentry, there is no wood used in its construction. The theatre has been built by Mr. J. H. Holloway and decorated by Mr. T. E. Colcutt, but Mr. Carte himself has supervised everything. The external walls are of red brick and terra-cotta. We cannot admire the design, which somehow or other reminds one of a Turkish bath. The interior walls, the corridors, and dressing-rooms are covered with white glazed bricks. The auditorium can accommodate 2,000 persons, and is remarkably well planned, since the stage can be seen from every part of the house. The boxes, too, unlike those of most other London theatres, command a view of the stage, and not an exceptionally good and unnecessary one of the pit and gallery. The stage is nearly as large as that of Covent Garden or Drury Lane. Marble and alabaster have been largely used in the internal decorations, and the proscenium arch, which is crusted with coloured marbles, is superb, and infinitely preferable to the heavy gilding to which we have hitherto been accustomed. The whole house has an air of solidity which too rarely characterizes theatres in this country. On the staircase is Mr. Fairfax Murray's picture of "Music," and there are one or two other fair works of art on the walls. Of course the house is lighted with the electric light, but, having regard to the well-known vagaries of that rather capricious illuminant, gas has been wisely laid on.

THE WEATHER.

A BREAK in the frost has come at last, and, though it is too early yet to say that we have done with ice and snow for this winter, the appearance of the weather maps in the *Times* for the last two days has been totally different from that which they have presented on any day for the last seven weeks. We said last week that the barometers in the West of Ireland must fall at least an inch or so before a serious change of weather was possible. On the morning of January 21 the reading reported at Valencia is 29.57 inches, being a fall of almost an inch and a half from its reading—30.93 inches—on the previous Wednesday. It is now interesting to see how this change has come about; for the previously calm atmosphere has been considerably disturbed during the week. On Wednesday and Thursday last week the winds were generally Northerly and fresh. On the Thursday evening a small depression formed itself off the North-East coast of England, and moved very rapidly southwards during the night. As it passed the thermometer rose temporarily, and rain fell in London, changing to soft hail before morning, as the thermometer sank again. At 8 A.M. on Friday the centre of the disturbance lay near Paris, where the thermometer rose nearly to the freezing-point. This change was only transient; for a new anticyclone formed itself over the North Sea, and moved southwards over Central England, bringing with it very severe cold; in fact, the hardest frost the Northern stations in England have experienced as yet this winter. On Saturday night the thermometer at York fell to 10°, and at Cambridge to 11°, the reading at 8 A.M. Sunday morning was 11° at York. At the same time a severe snowfall was setting in on the coast of Kent and Sussex, without extending inland; and much snow was also reported from the North of France. This was apparently a violent

effort of the frost to re-establish itself. But on Monday the change began; the barometers in the North of Scotland beginning to fall. At Stornoway the change from 8 A.M. Monday to the same hour on Tuesday was all but an inch (0.99 inch). Tuesday morning the thaw came. It was exceptionally rapid in the Midland counties, the change of temperature in the twenty-four hours being 25° at Oxford, and as much as 28° at Loughborough. The Wye, at Ross, rose about six feet in three hours, breaking up ice six inches thick, and depositing at the town a landing-stage, the spoil it had carried off from Hereford. Such a change as this is exceedingly rare in these islands, and is apparently always local. The only similar case on record during the last twenty years was on December 16, 1882, when the district affected was the East of Scotland, and the changes in twenty-four hours were at Braemar 44.2 (from -8.2 to +35.9), at Aberdeen 34° (from 7° to 41°), at Leith 27°, and at Nairn 25°. On that occasion the thaw was strictly local; for there was no frost at all in the South of England, and no serious change of temperature occurred there. On Tuesday last the change was general, and a South-westerly gale, with rain, had begun all along our West coast. On Wednesday heavy rain, with hail squalls, was reported to have occurred at all the Western and South-Western stations, as the wind has veered to the northward of west. This change of wind fully accounts for the slight fall in temperature, which brought on some frost again during the night.

RECENT CONCERTS.

WITH the single exception of the Symphony Concert on the 15th, the only musical performances given in London which require notice during the first three weeks of January have been those of the thirty-third season of Mr. Chappell's Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall, which were resumed after the usual short interval at Christmas on the evening of the 5th inst. On this occasion the chief attraction was Brahms's Sextet in G major, Op. 35, a work which justly holds a high place among modern chamber music as one of the most inspired and spontaneous productions the composer has yet given to the world. The performance, though in the hands of such excellent artists as Mme. Neruda, MM. Ries, Straus, Gibson, Howell, and Piatti, left something to be desired. It is to be feared that familiarity renders even the best performers careless, for it is certain that a better *ensemble* and more attention to light and shade are conceivable than were bestowed upon the work at this concert. The pianist was Herr Bernhard Stavenhagen, who was heard in Chopin's almost too familiar prelude in D flat, No. 15, and in Liszt's 12th Hungarian rhapsody. His playing of the first-named piece suffered by the inevitable comparison with M. Paderewski's reading of the same composition; but in the rhapsody he achieved great success by his extremely brilliant execution. For an encore Herr Stavenhagen gave Schubert's hackneyed minuet and trio, in which he took unnecessary liberties with the text; at the end of the concert he joined Mme. Neruda in Beethoven's early Sonata in F major, Op. 24, the performance of which was commendably artistic and free from exaggeration. The vocalist on this occasion was Mr. William Nicholl, a tenor whose excellent method and good style enable him to overcome, or, at least, considerably diminish, the drawback of possessing an unsympathetic voice. He gave a most finished performance of the "Slumber Song" from Auber's *Masaniello*, as well as three of Dvořák's charming gipsy songs, in all of which he was most ably accompanied by Miss Mary Carmichael. On the evening of Monday, the 12th, a new pianist, Fräulein Ilona Eibenschütz, made her first appearance in this country. Some curiosity was created as to her playing, for it had generally been understood that she was a favourite pupil of Mme. Schumann's, who is said to have expressed a high opinion of her powers. Fräulein Eibenschütz was not very well advised in selecting Schumann's "Études Symphoniques" for her *début*, for it is a composition which demands not only immense technical skill, but also high qualities of interpretation. Her success on this occasion was more one of promise than of actual accomplishment, for she was evidently so nervous as to be unable to do herself full justice. In spite of this she was greeted with warm applause, and forced to play an encore, for which she chose a short study by Domenico Scarlatti. Much more satisfactory was her playing on the following Saturday afternoon, when she gave an admirable rendering of Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, Op. 111. Her technique is irreproachable, and, what is even more important, she evidently has the rare gift of "sensitivity," which renders her playing full of interest and most sympathetic. As an encore she played two Bourrées by J. S. Bach, which she took at a pace that showed the most perfect command over her fingers, somewhat, it must be confessed, at the expense of the rhythm of the dance form. The programme of Saturday's Concert opened with Schubert's beautiful Quintet in C major, Op. 163, to the performance of which the same remarks apply as to that of the Brahms Sextet on the 5th. A serious mistake of Mme. Neruda's would have imperilled the performance if she had been supported by less experienced artists than MM. Ries, Straus, Whitehouse, and Piatti. It would surely be well to avoid such risks—even in playing to so uniformly an appreciative audience as that of the Popular Concerts—by devoting a little more time to rehearsal. The

vocalist on the 12th was Miss Marguerite Hall, who sang, with her usual refinement and charm, Schubert's "Liebesbotschaft" and "Rastlose Liebe," and Bizet's "Adieux de l'Hôtesse Arabe." At Saturday's Concert, the vocalist announced was unable to appear, and the performance were therefore entirely instrumental. Last Monday the pianist was Herr Stavenhagen, who gave a rather hard performance of Beethoven's Sonata in E minor, Op. 90, a work which demands above all poetical feeling for its proper interpretation. For an encore he played a graceful little Pastorale of his own composition, and later in the evening joined Mme. Neruda and Signor Piatti in an excellent performance of Beethoven's Trio in G major, Op. 1, No. 2. The other instrumental numbers of the programme comprised Haydn's Quartet in D minor, Op. 42, and a set of four "Romantische Stücke" for Pianoforte and Violin, by Dvořák, which had not previously been heard. Though not devoid of interest, mainly owing to the unusual parsimony of the thematic material they contain, they are hardly likely to take high rank among the Bohemian master's works. The second of the series, a characteristic Allegro Maestoso in D minor, is the most taking; and the performers repeated it in response to a demand for an encore. By way of exception to the general rule, the vocal numbers at this concert were the most interesting feature, and evidently attracted the large audience which had assembled. The British public, though it may be very unmusical, never forgets old favourites; and the reappearance of Mr. Santley, after his Australian tour, was the signal for such a burst of cheering as is seldom heard at the Popular Concerts. It would be idle to pretend that the singer was in his best voice; but the art which enables him to defy the ravages of Time was as admirable as ever, and his singing of Gounod's "Maid of Athens," "The Fountain mingles with the River," Schubert's "Erl-King," and Hatton's "To Anthea," familiar as all the songs are, was as interesting and pleasurable to listen to as it has been for so many years past.

The resumption of Mr. Henschel's Symphony Concerts is a matter for congratulation. At one time it seemed likely as if the energetic conductor would have to abandon them for want of support; but fortunately his appeal for subscriptions has met with so much success that the series will be brought to a satisfactory ending. The programme on the 15th was, as usual, excellently selected. By way of tribute to the memory of the lately deceased Danish composer, Niels Gade, his first and best work, *Nachklänge von Ossian*, opened the concert. This was followed by a MS. Funeral March from the pen of Mr. Edward German, an extremely well-written and impressive piece of work, which shows, like the same composer's Symphony which was heard last month at the Crystal Palace, that much may be expected from him. At the same concert, Herr Arthur Friedheim gave a careful, but uninspired, reading of Liszt's Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, a work which requires the very highest ability to make it at all tolerable; and Mme. Nordica sang with admirable dramatic feeling and fire Elizabeth's Greeting to the Hall of Song from Act ii. of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. The concert ended with Beethoven's C minor Symphony, the performance of which was rather unequal. Considerable interest will attach to the next concert of the series by the announcement that Mme. Albani will sing the "Liebestod" scene from *Tristan und Isolde*.

THE ELECTIONS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE elections at the Royal Academy on Wednesday night attracted an unusual amount of interest. The members met to elect two full Academicians in the room of Sir Edgar Boehm, sculptor, deceased, and Mr. J. Calder Marshall, sculptor, retired, and one associate in the room of Mr. Herkomer, painter, promoted. That there should be two simultaneous vacancies in the small body of the sculptors was a fact almost, if not quite, unprecedented, and in face of the practical inconvenience entailed by "shorthandedness" in any of the lesser sections of the Royal Academy, it was hoped that two sculptors would be promoted. This seemed likely to be the case, for on the first ballot Mr. Brock and Mr. Alfred Gilbert almost exactly divided the votes, and the former was elected by a very small majority. At the second election, however, it was seen that a great many members considered that they had now done their duty by the sculptors, and Mr. Gilbert was nowhere. Mr. Gow, the historical painter, was the favourite, and was, in fact, elected by a very large majority.

The election of a full Academician, however, never possesses the general interest which attends that of an Associate. In the one case, all hazards are within the limits of the existing body, in the other the possibilities are boundless. From the first it was evident that the struggle would be between Cornwall, as represented by Mr. Stanhope Forbes, and Scotland, as represented by Mr. David Murray. The latter won, by a respectable majority. Some votes were divided between Mr. Lawson, the Scottish sculptor, Mr. Swan, and Mr. Albert Moore; but Mr. Forbes was Mr. Murray's only serious rival as far as votes went, for in some opinions at least, including those of all Continental painters, the most serious candidate would have been Mr. Moore. Mr. David Murray, the new A.R.A., is about thirty-five years of age. His first appearance at the exhibition of the Royal Academy was made with a "Vale of Coruisk," which hung in the

Second Gallery in 1875. He sent up a landscape from his studio in Glasgow year after year, with unflinching precision, and gradually the freshness of his work began to tell. In 1882 he was made an Associate of the Scottish Academy. His "Spring-time at Tillietudlem Castle" in 1883 began his vogue in London, and in 1884 his "My Love has gone a-sailing" was purchased under the terms of the Chantry Bequest. Since then it has merely been a matter of time; his entrance into the body of the Royal Academy has been certain. The style of Mr. David Murray has modified with great rapidity of late years, and in a very satisfactory direction. Timid and rather cold at first, it has become remarkable for a special boldness of impression and radiant glow of colour. His large landscape last year had no rival in the exhibition for vivid portraiture of nature; and it is, no doubt, owing to the brilliant impression made by that canvas that the painter has thus suddenly and rather unexpectedly distanced Mr. Forbes. If Mr. Murray goes on painting as freshly and as sincerely as he has lately been doing, and if he does not give way to a Scottish tendency to greasiness in his brush-work, he ought to prove a very valuable acquisition to the Academy. His art is a little facile, but it is modern, fresh, and sympathetic.

The Royal Academicians are always much affected by the work shown by an artist in the exhibition immediately preceding an election, and Mr. Brock no doubt owes his promotion over seventeen Associates, senior to himself, to the impression made by his noble statue of the "Genius of Poetry" in 1890. Mr. Brock, who was born in 1847, and has been an A.R.A. since 1883, is a sculptor of peculiar position. The favourite pupil of Foley, he was left at the death of that artist with an obligation to carry out all the commissions left by his master. Under these circumstances, he was a witness of the rise of the new school of sculpture; but, though in full sympathy with it, was tied down for years to the burden of another man's designs hung round his neck. Through no fault of his own, he grew to be looked upon as an opponent of the movement with which he desired of all things to be in touch. All that, however, is long past, and we welcome in Mr. Brock a conscientious and intelligent artist, whose help will be much valued in the councils of the Royal Academy. Of a painter so well known as Mr. Gow we need say little, save that we heartily approve of his promotion.

THE ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

THE present season's programme of eight subscription concerts, with two extra performances of the *Messiah*, is admirably designed to test the capacity and training of the Royal Choral Society and to attract all sections of the musical public. It is emphatically a popular programme that comprises classics like *Israel in Egypt* and the *Messiah*, *Elijah* and *St. Paul*, with modern works that promise an enduring vitality and are already unfailing attractions, such as Gounod's *Mors et Vita* and *Redemption*, Dr. Mackenzie's *Rose of Sharon*, Sir A. Sullivan's *Golden Legend*, and the *Damnation de Faust* of Berlioz. Unfortunately the fogs and other atmospheric trials of this winter have more than once seriously affected the success of these concerts. The *Rose of Sharon*, for example, was heard in circumstances equally trying to the chorus, the soloists—Mme. Albani, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Watkin Mills—and the audience, the fog in the Albert Hall being so dense that less efficient tenors and basses than those Mr. Barnby rules must certainly have collapsed altogether at certain moments of the performance. They were literally in the clouds and invisible at times. The pity of it is that Dr. Mackenzie's beautiful music is but seldom to be heard with so satisfactory a combination of executants as contended with the fog and cold on this occasion. At the opening concert, however, the chorus numbers in *Elijah* were admirably rendered by Mr. Barnby's imposing choir. Of the soloists, Mr. Watkin Mills and Mr. Ben Davies are practised singers in oratorio, while Miss Sarah Berry showed decided promise in the contralto part. Mme. Schmidt-Koehne and Mme. Sviatlovsky lack the breadth of style that is essential in oratorio, and must undoubtedly be heard to greater advantage elsewhere; the first-named on the operatic stage, the Russian singer, perhaps, in the concert-room. Mme. Sviatlovsky, moreover, was almost unintelligible through defective articulation. The efficiency to which Mr. Barnby's choir has advanced was strikingly displayed at the concerts of the 1st inst. and Wednesday last, in the majestic choruses of the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*. The performance of the second of Handel's master-works was the finest, altogether, that we have heard for many a year. Not even at the last Handel Festival was the sublime "He gave them hailstones" given with more inspiring and overwhelming effect. And through the whole performance the choral singing was marked by uncommon excellence of ensemble, beauty of tone, and unflinching precision. The soloists were Miss Anna Williams and Miss Kate Flinn—who sang the duet "The Lord is my strength" in admirable style, with the right measure of fervour—Mme. Sviatlovsky, and Mr. Edward Lloyd. What Mr. Lloyd is in oratorio everybody knows, and it were superfluous to dilate on the artistic beauty of his singing in "The enemy said." From a well-stored experience of the art of singing and its greatest exponents, we can recall nothing more memorable or more abiding. Except that the accompaniment to

the air "Thou shalt bring them in" needed subduing, the orchestra left nothing to be desired. For the forthcoming concerts at the Albert Hall, the *Redemption*, *St. Paul*, the *Messiah*—on Good Friday—*Mors et Vita*, and the *Golden Legend* are announced.

REVIEWS.

DRAKE.*

IT is particularly easy to begin at the beginning with Mr. Corbet, for his book opens with a passage which is thoroughly characteristic of all that follows. Here it is:—

Of all the heroes whose exploits have set our history aglow with romance, there is not one who so soon passed into legend as Francis Drake. He was not dead before his life became a fairy tale, and he himself as indistinct as Sir Guy of Warwick or Croquemitaine. His exploits loomed in mythical extravagance through the mists in which, for high reasons of State, they long remained enveloped; and to the people he seemed some boisterous hero of a folk-tale, outwitting and belabouring a clumsy ogre.

And that our Drake might David parallel,
A mass of man, a giant, he did quell.

So punned a west-country Protestant; and even now the most chastened explorer of pay-sheets and reports cannot save his imagination from the taint of the same irrational exultation that possessed the admiral's contemporaries. The soberest chroniclers reeled with unscholarly gait as they told the tale, and the most dignified historians made pedantic apology for the capers they felt forced to cut. From his cradle to his grave the story is one long draught of strong waters, and the very first sip intoxicates. Peer into the mists that fitly shroud his birth and all is dark, till on a sudden the veil is riven with an outburst of Catholic fury. Then, while the flash of the explosion illuminates the scene, a small party of desperate Protestants are seen lying for their lives, and in their midst a blue-eyed, curly-haired child, scarce out of babyhood, who is Francis Drake.

This is a very dismal specimen of the style called lively, and the book is written in it all through. We shall not ask Mr. Corbet when the voyage round the world became obscure, what is the meaning of his nonsense about Guy of Warwick or Croquemitaine, what sober chronicler "reeled with unscholarly gait," or whether Camden, for instance, either made dignified apologies or "cut capers." It is enough that Mr. Corbet himself apparently thinks it becoming in a biographer of Drake to reel with unscholarly gait and to cut capers—nor shall we deny that he has the courage of his opinions. It is most unscholarly to use the vulgarism "to try and," as he does more than once; to write the Spanish word *Boca, Bocca*, as he does several times; to call ships belonging to the Hansa Scandinavians and their skippers Dutch, as he does on p. 182; to talk, as he repeatedly does, of liners, battle-ships, and smart gunboats among the vessels of the Elizabethan navy, and to say that Drake first looked on the South Seas from "Pizarro's road," when it should be Balboa's. To be sure, Keats was not more accurate when he put stout Cortes where that great man never was in his life; but the sonnet, "On first looking into Chapman's Homer," is not biography, and it is literature. How far Mr. Corbet's book is the second our quotation is perhaps sufficient to show. If the pinchbeck picturesque deserves that honoured name it is, but if not, then not. How far it is biography it will be our business to inquire. We shall come across Mr. Corbet cutting capers all through the process.

It is a caper, for instance, to say of Queen Elizabeth that "With all the witchery she so strangely exercised over the sturdy chivalry of her time, she appealed to the young sea captain as some distressed princess to an errant knight. Her catiff kinsman had foully wronged her, she was pining for revenge, and he alone was worthy of the quest." Elizabeth could talk out of books of chivalry certainly, but what evidence is there that she did when she was discussing business with Devonshire skippers? To be sure the question, What evidence is there for this? has to be asked over every other part of Mr. Corbet's little book. He continually calls Drake a Puritan. We should like to know why. But, as he calls the whole fleet collected to fight the Armada "Puritan," it is perhaps a waste of time to ask for information on the smaller detail. One is content to note that Mr. Corbet has a very wild idea indeed as to what a Puritan was. The demand for evidence is to better purpose over his account of the mysterious Doughty business. A writer of Mr. Corbet's kidney was quite certain to go hopelessly wrong in his account of this passage of Drake's life; and he does so in two ways. He calmly asserts as a matter of fact, as a thing which he says is made "only too plain in the sequel"—that Burleigh deliberately employed Doughty to wreck the voyage round the world. He has previously said, in one and the same paragraph, that Burleigh had discovered the intended expedition for himself, and then that it was revealed to him by Doughty. It takes Mr. Corbet's breath away to think that such things were; but they were. As, contrary to the practice generally adopted in this series, he is rather fond of referring in the notes to his "S. P. Dom. Eliz." we think he might have cited his authorities in this case, when he is giving an explanation of a most mysterious business, and the honour of a very great Englishman is concerned. He does nothing of the kind, and for the very sufficient reason that he is not stating matter of fact, but

only a hazardous deduction of his own, as if it were matter of fact. The two things are very different, and the second is a very disingenuous act on the part of a biographer. Burleigh, though a scrupulous man for a Renaissance statesman, was ready enough to use treason and traitors to forward his own cause, as the code of honour of the time allowed him to do; but he is not to be accused roundly of so wicked and so foolish an act as this would have been without evidence. Drake, so says Mr. Corbet, discovered the plot during Doughty's trial. If so, why did he not use his knowledge when on his return to England the Lord Treasurer refused his presents and treated him with open dislike? Is it likely that Burleigh would have put himself into the power of such a man as Doughty? But, having accounted for the plot in this fashion, Mr. Corbet goes on to explain Drake's resolution to put Doughty to death by his belief that the man was a wizard who raised unfavourable winds. Now the evidence for this is, of course, a well-known passage in the very hostile narrative of Cooke, which was printed by Mr. Vaux in the Hakluyt Society's edition of the *World Encompassed*. It is utterly unsupported by any other evidence, and proves only that Cooke thought it a good thing to say. No doubt it is probable enough that Drake believed in witchcraft. In a time when nine of his contemporaries out of ten had no doubt on the subject, it would have been strange if a sailor, and a Devonshire man, had been a sceptic. But the question is, did he believe it in this case? If he did, why did he not charge Doughty with the sin at his trial, when, considering what the jury was, the accusation would have been crushing? Here, again, Mr. Corbet has simply given his readers a loose deduction of his own as a statement of fact. And as it is with this incident, so it is all through, Mr. Corbet always knows exactly what Drake, and everybody else, was not only doing—even when, to the duller minds of most men, there appears to be no evidence—but also precisely what they were thinking. He is aware of Drake's motives at every moment. How, for instance, the memory of Doughty's execution used to come to his mind at this and that critical moment. He says, with Britannia-metal eloquence, "The ring of the headsman's sword upon the desolate shores of Patagonia had deafened his ears to such entreaties for ever," when he means that Drake refused to accept Borough's excuses. By-the-bye, was Doughty beheaded with the sword? It was a most unusual method of execution with us. To say of Borough that "with clouded reputation in administrative employ, and once in command of a despatch-vessel, he fades from history, moaning hopelessly over the charges which had broken his heart," may be poetical as poetry is understood by those who drink the poetaster's mead; but is it not a rather fustian way of saying that the command of a small vessel against the Armada, and lived in good repute and employment at Limehouse till he died, 1599? As is not uncommonly the case with those who drink that mead, it has bemused Mr. Corbet's grammar, and made him oblivious of facts. "To the King his name [Drake's, to wit] was a torment. The grantees looked cold disdain when it was uttered. The Pope mocked at him, and said Elizabeth's distaff was keener than Philip's sword. He invited a lady to go upon the water, and she protested she dare not, for fear the Dragon should come and take her from her sovereign's arms." At whom did the Pope mock, and who asked the lady to go on the water? In the meantime Mr. Corbet has forgotten to record the wound Drake received at Mocha. In mentioning that Lord Howard of Effingham knighted Hawkins, Frobisher, and a few others on board the *Ark Royal*, he adds that "for the cool head that had planned the fight, and so nearly destroyed the enemy with strange tactics, in which bards could see no meaning, there was no reward." What could Lord Howard have given Drake, who had been knighted years before? The Lord High Admiral was a great officer, but he could not make peers. As for the strange tactics, we will not deny that they are strange, indeed, as told here.

We trust by this time to have made it clear that, in our opinion, Mr. Corbet has not written a good biography, but he has written a very characteristic book. There has been of late a not unnatural reaction against the pedantries of the State-Paper historian, and what may be called the verbal criticism of historical work which was popular a few years ago. It has begun to be understood again that great intellectual power and the faculty of writing fine English are noble things, even though their possessor be violently prejudiced and inaccurate in matters of detail. Far be it from us to deny that this is an excellent critical rule. You should never in criticism condemn the good because of the bad that is mixed with it. But, then, it is not to be forgotten that, if it is to be excused, the bad must be accompanied and cloaked by the good. This is elementary. It does not follow that because Carlyle had prepossessions and Macaulay was a violent partisan, and Mr. Froude is apparently incapable of avoiding gross blunders, that writers who do not possess the inspiring power and poetic insight of the first, or the energy of the second, or the sinewy style of the third, are entitled to go as they please when they are writing history or biography. We are not many of us masters of the great style, but it is in our power not to state our suppositions as if they were facts, not to make round assertions which have no foundations, not to cook our evidence—not, in short, to be guilty of that particularly irritating "confusion of the kind" which takes the form of putting bad romance where there might at least be honest journeyman-work in biography. The foundation ought to be there in all cases. When it is wanting, whatever other deficiencies you may have are only the more

* *English Men of Action—Sir Francis Drake*. By Julian Corbet. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

glaringly apparent. Mr. Corbet is perfectly entitled to write a tale of adventure about Drake's friendship with Doughty, and make what use he pleases of Cooke's story of the belief in witchcraft. If he does it well enough we shall applaud him; but when he is writing a biography he is guilty of literary dishonesty if he says, on the mere word of an enemy, that Drake did believe Doughty a wizard. This is the distinction, and we commend it to Mr. Corbet's attention. A biographer may be prejudiced, and perhaps ought to be; but as long as he is careful to collect his evidence, and honest in separating it from his personal opinion, he may be saved. When he confounds the two, he is simply producing a bastard something which is neither biography nor romance. It is just possible that very great literary qualities might redeem even this. The rule, however, is that the bastard kind is written in a bastard style. Mr. Corbet's book is not an exception.

NOVELS.*

THAT a three-volume novel should have admittedly 116 pages of prologue is sufficiently startling; but when that prologue, from the reader's point of view, seems to extend some hundred pages further, the fate of such a romance begins to be a matter of some concern to any one who has the interests of it at heart. In fact, *In the Valley* is a strange sort of novel altogether. There seems to be a degree of power in the descriptions of settlers' life and of the scenery about the Mohawk river, which for the first few chapters impresses one favourably. But as, until the last hundred pages of the last volume, nothing of the slightest interest is related, this first impression soon wears off, and gives place to a silent but steadily increasing boredom. The hero, Mauverensen, a dreary Dutchman, is unspeakably dull, and as he tells his story in the first person, and has a very considerable admiration for his own character and that of his countrymen, we could wish that he would not be so candid in his narration. If a man writes a book of his adventures and shows an obvious sympathy with the part he played in them, it would seem to be only decent in him to put that part in a somewhat attractive light even at the expense of perfect veracity. But such is the sterling virtue of Douw (that is his other name) that he scorns thus to tamper with sacred truth, and draws his own character in all its naked hideousness. He is dull and sulky, two very unheroic qualities—habitually discourteous to casual visitors to his adopted father's house, inclined to brawl in ball-rooms, and then be seized with qualms which prevent him from following up these little differences. But we could forgive him the many dreadful peculiarities which he has not the grace to conceal, on the grounds of that same virtue of perfect candour in narration which we commented on above, but that we find him quite as impossible intellectually as he is morally. His quasi-political disquisitions are absurd. His curious admiration for his own countrymen as the finest of the earth's race, while by every word he writes he is but increasing the aversion with which, in his story, they inspire us, is perfectly maddening to the reader; and at intervals he is betrayed into naïve admissions that his theories are not altogether blessed when put into practice. For example, he says the English are brutal when they are ruling over less civilized races. Thus, in India, they hold themselves aloof and do not coalesce. The French, on the contrary, adapt themselves to the native races. But he adds, in one of his curious outbursts of candour, the result is bad for the French, whereas the Englishman's efforts at colonization and conquest are uniquely successful. Douw is, in fact, a dreadful person with, in his own words, "no talent for indirection." We are not quite sure what this means, but suppose it refers to his unfortunate gift of candour. Lastly, we would point out that the statement that English officers keep in the background in action and leave their men to be shot down is belied by every battle that has been fought by British troops, and with that we will leave the dullard Douw to sullen oblivion, merely stating that we like the three illustrations, and could have wished there had been more illustrations and less text to illustrate.

Surely of infant heroes and heroines we have had more than enough in fiction of late years. The stage is overrun with them, and, finding resistance useless, we are ready to give way to them on that point. We surrender the stage to the tender mercies of precocious infancy; we merely cease to visit the theatre till this phase is past. But we would make a final stand against child heroism in fiction. What we find hard to bear in others we decline to tolerate in Miss Weber. True, in the second part, the children grow up; but still we protest against their intrusion in the first, and would fain relegate them to the nursery under the care of a well-intentioned, but not too lenient, nurse. *Leal Souvenir* is really not worth detailed criticism. Its title is absurd, but far more so

* *In the Valley*. By Harold Frederic. 3 vols. London: William Heinemann. 1890.

Leal Souvenir. By Alice Weber. 1 vol. London: Smith & Innes. 1890.

Sisters of Phaeton. By Florence C. Armstrong. 1 vol. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.

Kestell of Greystone. By Esme Stuart. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1890.

Jack's Secret. By Mrs. Lovett Cameron. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1890.

its contents. From Jack, the infant hero, to Judith, the mature aunt, we meet nothing but solid, shameful nonsense. They are really too dreadful. However, we will quote one or two of Jack's sayings and doings, as a specimen of the contents of the book, before letting it relapse into the merciful obscurity of Mr. Mudie's list of new remainder novels at nominal prices. Jack on one occasion appeals "with great fearless eyes to the Vicar" in the following terms:—"Can't you, with all your sacred lore, put into this man's head the idea that Clara is hurt far too much for such baby comfort?" The italics are ours. When we add that, in Part II., Jack, then of maturer years, "takes his degree in Natural Science with flying colours, fairly puzzling the examiners with his answers to their questions," we feel that we have said enough. This conception of the examiners, who tamely allow themselves to be fairly puzzled by a candidate's answers, and yet give him high honours, is new to us. We had heard of quite other results coming from this kind of answer.

The strange situation to which *Sisters of Phaeton* owes its title gives a flavour of novelty to an otherwise commonplace plot. Hamilton Conyers, a wealthy gentleman who has suffered many things at the hands of the fair sex, adopts two young girls to the intent that he may educate them on a system which shall "keep them free from what he called woman's nonsense." His system consists apparently in the suppression of all their social, literary, and artistic aspirations, and the evolving in them of an all-engrossing interest in horseflesh—though why woman's nonsense should be necessarily eliminated by the forcible introduction of a dominant interest often so intimately connected with man's nonsense we fail to see. To a certain extent this plan, the heroines, Constantia Ferriss and Louisa Swift, succeed in supplementing their guardian's somewhat narrow curriculum. In some unknown way they learnt to speak French with a fluency which amazed the natives. We have ourselves known the polite Gaul amazed at the French tongue thus acquired; but it is generally not the fluency, but the accent, which causes his astonishment. But perhaps in this the author is only playful. The sudden death of the guardian, leaving no provision for their needs save the stables and their contents, which included several family retainers of extreme faithfulness and abnormal loquacity, causes their rather hurried determination to utilize the bequest and provide themselves with the necessities of life by driving two omnibuses of azure hue through Clubland. The carrying out of this plan, the jargon of a terrible Irish retainer, the rage and fury of the heroines on finding that the driving of two bright blue omnibuses through Pall Mall by two young ladies of distracting loveliness provokes comment, carries the tale to a legitimate end, and we may add, not unwelcome conclusion, which, however, we will not divulge, merely adding that, even supposing Hamilton Conyers had been of sound mind when he devised his system, we cannot but feel he must have gone entirely out of his mind before he hid a bundle of "securities" in a hole in the stable-wall, leaving only the vaguest suggestion of their existence with his man of business. Also, we hardly gather why the worthy solicitor should have commissioned the faithful Irish retainer to recover the lost treasure, and bring it up to town in an old nose-bag rather than himself bring about the *dénouement* in a more conventional manner.

Kestell of Greystone is a novel of the hysterical order, nor is it a short one. The author possesses in a very oppressive degree the fault under which parents are wont to labour—namely, the unfortunate partiality for their offspring. She has an unconcealed admiration for her hero, Jesse Vicary, whose name is not Vicary, but Pellew, which rather reminds us of the White Knight's song. The charms of this sullen youth quite vanquish her, though we hardly think the reader will be equally affected. As to Amice (one of the young ladies is clothed with this name), we feel wholly unable—such is the poverty of language—to adequately describe the horrors of this young female. We will only quote one or two of the passages in the book which describe her, and leave the reader to fill in the details of the young lady's character. She has icy hands, cold steel blue eyes, which look fixedly at you, and make you feel uncomfortable, especially if you have the misfortune to be her father. She is declared also by one of the characters in the book to be on the high road to a lunatic asylum, and we are thankful for this momentary outburst of candour, though the author evidently dissents from this view. This young lady considers herself cursed by the gift of second sight, though we should have thought the cursing belonged more justly to the rest of the family at having such a relative at large. This gift of "seeing" makes her morbidly anxious to set her father to rights, with only the most slender grounds to go upon, and also puts her in an authoritative position to pronounce on the merits of her sister's admirers. Altogether, we hope there are but few persons who are burdened with daughters like Miss Amice Kestell, and yet have not the strength of mind to shut them up in Bedlam, there to moan over the family "gold," and see visions at their own sweet will, and without causing annoyance to all who know them. Her sister Elva is about the most respectable character in the book, but writes crude novels and has a difficulty in deciding which of her admirers she shall marry, even going so far as to throw over one at the altar.

We protest against binding books in purple and silver. The combination of these two colours in the covers of *Jack's Secret* is by no means happy, as the dye is apt to come off on one's fingers. *Jack's Secret* is not so long as *Kestell of Greystone*, but is very

nearly as irritating for its length. Its weakest point is that, whereas the secret ought to have been divulged after three days at most, it drags on through artificial obstacles raised by imbecility, malignity, or accident, to within a few pages of the close of the third volume. Mrs. Cameron can describe scenery, and can even arrange a sprightly d  nouement, and it is a pity that she should waste a certain amount of power of writing and construction on a plot whose liveliness and probability are on a par.

A DICTIONARY OF CHESTNUTS.*

THIS is the least objectionable volume of "Gleanings" that we have ever tried to read; for, as a rule, this sort of literature, if it can be so called, is mentally depressing. Here, however, the facts, fancies, or facetiae, with which we are already familiar, are pleasantly recalled to mind, with chapter and verse, and what is new is generally worth knowing, or will suggest an interesting point for discussion. The subjects touched upon are too numerous even to catalogue, and one can only skim off a little of the cream whilst turning over the 850 pages. Mr. Bombaugh starts with "Alphabetical Whims," reminding us of the pranks of Tryphiodorus and other silly people who spent their time and skill in ostracizing from their compositions certain letters, or otherwise playing with the alphabet. The Pangrammatists contrive to crowd the thirty-six letters in every single verse. This sentence contains them all—

John P. Brady give me a black walnut box of quite a small size.

More amusing is the catch for Cockneys in "Kathleen Mavourneen." The writer knew they would sing

The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill,

and Moore's equally clever

A 'eart that is 'umble might 'ope for it 'ere,

but letter H wit is pretty well played out, so we pass on to "Cento verses," a capital game for young people, of which we quote an example:—

'Twas in the prime of summer time,	HOOD.
She blessed me with her hand;	HOTT.
We strayed together, deeply blest,	MRS. EDWARDS.
Into the Dreaming Land.	CORNWALL.

"Bouts-rim  s" is also an exercise for a wet day in the country not to be despised. The following terminations do not seem promising, but here is the result:—

Tender handed stroke a	nettle,
And it stings you for your	pains;
Grasp it like a man of	nettle
And it soft as silk	remains.
'Tis the same with common	natures,
Use them kindly, they	rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg-	graters,
And the rogues obey you	well.

There are some "refractory rhymes," which Mr. Bombaugh gives in another place, such as silver, spirit, chimney, carpet, window, garden, orange, lemons, and month; though a little girl, hearing the last discussed, said she had mastered it, and produced the following couplet:—

I can get a rhyme for month—
I can thay it now, I thud it wunth.

All masters of style are fond of monosyllables. Here are some interesting examples. Every one knows Herrick's "Daffodils":—

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you or anything.

We die
As your hours do, and dry
Like to the rain,
Or as the pearls of dew.

Every one will remember the lines in *King Lear* beginning:—

Thou know'st the first time that we smell the air.

Bailey's *Festus* abounds with examples, and many of the most poetical sentences in the Bible are monosyllabic.

Involuntary metre Mr. Bombaugh also treats of, such as the concluding paragraph of *Nicholas Nickleby*:—

The grass was green above the dead boy's grave,
Trodden by feet so small and light
That not a daisy drooped its head
Beneath their pressure.
Through all the spring and summer-time
Garlands of fresh flowers, wreathed by infant hands,
Rested upon the stone.

A curious instance occurs in Abraham Lincoln's second Inaugural Address:—

Fondly do we hope,
Fervently do we pray,
That this mighty scourge of war
May speedily pass away:
Yet if it be God's will
That it continue until—

But here the strain abruptly ceased, and the speech relapsed into prose. The hexametric cadence of many passages in the Author-

* *Gleanings for the Curious*. By C. C. Bombaugh, A.M., M.D. London: Griffith & Farran. 1890.

ized Version, such as, "Husbands love your wives, and be not bitter against them;" and couplets like this, "When his branch is yet tender and putteth forth leaves, ye know that the summer is nigh," are familiar to us all. We cannot resist an example of tall writing from "The Domicile Erected by John":—

Here stalks the impetuous cow with crumpled horn,
Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn,
Who bayed the feline slaughter-beast that slew
The rat predacious whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fibres that inviolate grain
Which lay in Hans' inviolate domain.

Of "Hiberniana" there are many amusing specimens. In the Irish Bank Bill, passed in 1808, "is a clause providing that the profits shall be equally divided and the residue go to the Governor." Quite as good are the three resolutions passed by a board of councilmen in Canton, Mississippi:—

1. Resolved by this Council that we build a new jail.
2. Resolved that the new jail be built out of the materials of the old jail.
3. Resolved that the old jail be used until the new jail is finished.

Here is another example:—"An Irishman quarrelling with an Englishman told him if he didn't hold his tongue he would break his impenetrable head and let the brains out of his empty skull." Another Hibernian too early wed declared he "would never marry so young again if he lived to be as ould as Methuselah."

The chapter on "Blunders" has several stories we should like to quote; but we must content ourselves with giving a few of the translations, such as "Love's Last Shift," Cibber's play, *La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour*; Congreve's "Mourning Bride," *L'Epouse du Matin*. Victor Hugo's rendering of "pea jacket" as *Paletot    la pur  e de pois*, and "Frith of Forth" as *le cinqui  me de la quatri  me*, are equally funny.

Of churchyard literature there is a goodly collection, a considerable part, we should think, very apocryphal, and the best examples are already well known. This is new to us, and has a simple pathos not often met with:—

Marie was the only child of her mother,
And she was a widow,
Marie sleeps in this grave,
And the widow has now no child.

There is a nice seventeenth century ring about one at Rochester:—

Though young she was
Her youth could not withstand,
Nor her protect
From Death's impartial hand.
Life is a cobweb, be we'er so gay,
And death a broom that sweeps all away.

The chapter on "The Fancies of Fact" is curious, but the best "gleanings" are too long to quote. Here is a carpenter's bill of the fifteenth century from London church records:—

Item. To screwynge a horne on	s.	d.
Divil, and glueinge a bitt		
On hys tayle		vij
Item. To repaying �� Vyrginne		
Marye before and behynde		
& makyng a new chylde	ij	viii

It is said that not many years ago in the Temple was a sundial with the motto "Be gone about your business," and that this unusual inscription arose from the "builder's man" calling to receive orders about it when the benchman in charge was so busy that he did not listen, but said, "Be gone about your business," which the man took as his answer and forthwith engraved.

Every one must remember some singular coincidences of which he has personal knowledge so curious as to be scarcely credible. Mr. Bombaugh mentions several, of which we give two:—

A. was walking with a friend near Oxford, when a snipe rose within shot. They both "presented" their walking-sticks at the bird, remarking, "what a pretty shot" it would have been for a gun." The snipe flew on a short distance, then towered and fell dead. When examined, the bird was found to be apparently uninjured; but a close examination discovered the trace of a former injury which had led to the rupture of a blood vessel.

Can the following story be authenticated?—

In the United Service Museum, Whitehall, are exhibited the "Jaws of a shark," wide open, and inclosing a tin box. The history of this strange exhibition is as follows:—A ship, on her way to the West Indies, "fell in with and chased a suspicious-looking craft, which had all the appearance of a slaver. During the pursuit the chase threw something overboard. She was subsequently captured and taken into Port Royal to be tried as a slaver. In absence of the ship's papers and other proofs, the slaver was not only in a fair way to escape condemnation, but her captain was anticipating the recovery of pecuniary damages against his captor for illegal detention. While the subject was under discussion a vessel came into port which had followed closely in the track of the chase above described. She had caught a shark, and in its stomach was found a tin box, which contained the slaver's papers. Upon the strength of this evidence the slaver was condemned. The written account is attached to the box."

Mr. Bombaugh mentions some far-fetched calculations, such as that the contributions of the people in the time of David towards the sanctuary exceeded 6,800,000*l.*, and that the treasure amassed by David would have paid our National Debt, whilst the cost of Solomon's temple when finished amounted to 17,442,442,268*l.*; that the size of the Ark and the *Great Eastern* "both being considered in point of tonnage" seems almost identical if the cubit is taken as 20.625 English inches, and that all the gold in the world

could be contained in a room twenty-four feet square and sixteen feet high.

The wealth of Chestnuts is so great in this book that, like Warren Hastings before the treasures of the Begums, we are surprised at our own moderation in the number and length of the quotations we have made. The arrangement is very good, and the index is scarcely needed.

KAMPFSTÜCKEN.

AMONGST the many literary and artistic works with which the name of Kaiser Maximilian I. is connected, and which, directly and indirectly, we owe to him, must be reckoned the curious set of twenty plates of "Kampfstücken," or tricks of fence, appended by Johann Fayer the younger, Von Arnstein, to his translation of Federico Grisone's *Gli ordini di cavalcare*; for Fayer tells us that these tricks "the said king in part found out and invented himself, and in part learnt from others in his pastime"—that is to say, when exercising himself in the tilt-yard with Messrs. Antoine d'Ysan and Wolfgang de Polheim; for these devices are suitable for use only in joust and tourney. The plates in that which appears to be the original edition of Fayer's translation—folio, Augsburg, 1570—are veritable "poker-drawn" wood-blocks, each faced by a few lines of explanatory text, and the whole series affords us a notion of the knightly encounter, strangely at variance with the glowing descriptions of modern poets and novelists. The warrior of romance settles himself in the saddle, and, breathing his lady's name, expects the stunning shock of his opponent's charge; not so the wily knight of reality and the sixteenth century—he is no such fool. Hearken to Fayer:—"When one rides against thee with the lance, and thou holdest thy lance in rest, and when thou almost meetest his point, bear downwards; so will he be forced to run his lance into the ground. This is rather difficult to do, but it is cunning and effective. . . . Do not thou keep thy lance in the rest after he has been forced to run his into the ground, but then let thy lance fall, and use thy sword to conquer him. . . . Do not forget to draw thy sword and reach it out, and put thy other hand on the blade, so that his neck is caught within; so will he be overcome and snared. Thou hast but to ride forward and he will be unhorsed." Unhorsed, indeed! but in how ignominious a manner! How different this from the fate of the poetical knight who is "hurled from his saddle" to fall to the ground "three lances' length beyond his horse's crupper." To attain the same end alternative means are propounded. "Not less commendable," we are told, "is, when thou ridest with one and he with thee and the encounter takes place, forthwith let thy lance fall, and putting swiftly thy hand through his bridle, seize his wrist; so not only will he be snared, but urge on thy horse, and thou wilt bring man and horse to the ground." Even this is not the worst. In the 16th Encounter, "with swords," we learn:—"When thou hast fought with another and chancest to be disarmed, with great haste thou snatchest the reins from the neck of the other's horse, and throwest them round thy enemy's neck; so dost thou cast man and horse to the ground with ease. . . . The same thing happens again, that one or both parties are disarmed, each desiring, therefore, not to let slip the victory. Accordingly, make as if thou wouldst beg for mercy, and when thy enemy in his haste seizes thee by the head, meaning to throw thee, raise thou thy arm; so wilt thou snare him." As it would seem, to obviate the risk of treacherous seizure in this latter manner, the following course was adopted:—"An old and common little trick is this, much used in ancient times, when one had encountered another in the field using valiantly lance and sword, and finally disarming him, so that he was necessitated to beg for mercy from his antagonist; who now, being provided with a warclub (*Streitkolben*), drags the other backwards from his horse, as shown in the figure." In the cut, the victor is behind his opponent, and has grappled him with a kind of fishing gaff; but this is probably the artist's error, for Fayer evidently implies that the victim is to be dragged from his saddle with the war-axe or the martel-de-fer, either of which bore commonly a strong curved spike, specially devised for this purpose. That portion of the series which deals with the use of cold steel is by far the most scientific. In one instance the warrior, being armed with the knightly "Schwert," is directed to make a feint at the head, and, on his adversary answering, to thrust an "imbrocata" over the guard. A primitive time-hit is thus described:—"Thy enemy rides against thee, hits, and breaks his lance, afterwards using his sword. Let thy lance also fall, also if need be thy sword. Now lay hand to thy dagger, and when thy adversary is about to strike thee, stab him then with thy dagger, so that it enters his heart. Do as you see in the figure." The plate shows the opening under the arm selected as the point of attack. Here, too, is a parry and disarm by yielding the foible:—"When sword-blow and thrust are rife and the swords fall, thereupon daggers are used, and thy opponent makes at thee with a thrust. Now cross his dagger with thine, sink thy arm, and put thy point towards his pomel; with a powerful disarming twist he will be overcome." This movement was too much for the artist, who has hopelessly blundered in the

illustration. In the tenth encounter another disarming movement is shown. The horseman, upon his antagonist preparing to deliver "cut one," drops his own sword, seizes the other's pomel, and, spurring his horse forward, wrenches the weapon from its owner's grasp! Plate 11 is worthy of mention. It illustrates an encounter "with a light sword and rondel," and each horseman has in his left hand, which is passed through the reins, a common hand buckler with the usual long spike springing from the centre; and, strange to say, the pomel of each sword is also provided with a spike of three or four inches in length. We do not remember to have ever seen an actual instance of a weapon so provided.

Most of the combatants are represented as in complete armour, but some are armed in the Roman style, and one of these latter has only his left side clothed, the right being bare. The most astounding crests and mantling appear on the helmets. It is worthy of note that those knights shown as running with the lance have their visors closed, while as a general rule those contending with the sword have their visors slightly raised. In a second edition of Fayer's translation which appeared at Augsburg, 1573, in fol., the same blocks occur. The work appears to have fallen into the hands of Jost Amman, the famous wood-engraver, who was so pleased with the designs in the appendix that he redrew them on a smaller scale, much improving them, and correcting some of the errors, and inserted them in his *Ritterliche Reuterkunst* (Frankfurt am Mayn, 1584 folio), with some doggerel verses, dealing with Virgil, Æneas, &c., appended to each. In the same year they appeared in *Artliche und kunstreiche Figuren*, &c. (Frankfurt am Mayn, oblong 8vo.), without any text. The *Kunstbüchlein*, published 1599, after Amman's death, also contains eighteen of the cuts, Nos. 11 and 17 being wanting; while in 1623 Fayer's work re-appeared in folio at Frankfurt; the seventh book, *Von Kampfstücken*, consisting of only the same eighteen cuts that appeared in the *Kunstbüchlein*, the proper description being appended to each.

NORFOLK OFFICIAL LISTS.*

NORFOLK is fortunate in possessing a local antiquary willing and able to do work at once so useful, so troublesome, and so generally unattractive as the compilation of lists of its officers and dignitaries. Mr. Hamon le Strange, the bearer of a name at least as ancient and as honourable as any in Norfolk, must have devoted much time and trouble to his self-imposed task of discovering and recording the names of those who have held office in the county. While it is true that he had a predecessor as regards part of his work, he has made a decided advance on the lists drawn up by Ewing some fifty years ago; for they begin with the sixteenth century, whereas his lists start with the earliest holder of each office whose name can be ascertained; and are, moreover, in other respects, more complete and trustworthy. His volume opens with a list of the Earls and Dukes of Norfolk. This is followed by lists of the sheriffs from Robert FitzWalter in the reign of Henry I., the peerages, extant, extinct, and in abeyance, which are connected with the county, the Norfolk baronets, the knights of the shire, and the clerks of the peace, who hold an ancient office, though, as their appointment has hitherto rested with the lords-lieutenant, and has not been entered in the books of the Court of Quarter Sessions, the names of only a few of them can now be discovered. We next come to lists of diocesan officers and cathedral dignitaries, and after them to the parliamentary representatives and municipal officers of the city of Norwich, and the corporate towns of Yarmouth, Lynn, Thetford, and Castle Rising. Mr. le Strange gives his authorities, and adds a few foot-notes, pointing out, for example, how the citizens of Norwich were empowered by Henry IV. to elect a mayor, and two sheriffs in place of the ancient bailiffs, and how various changes were effected from time to time in the government of the other corporate towns. He has searched the records of the Corporations with which his book is concerned, and remarks on the means adopted for their preservation. At Lynn and at Thetford the municipal archives are treated with all due care and respect; at Norwich, on the contrary, the records of the city are "kept in an ordinary upper room at the top of the Guildhall, through which two flues from rooms below pass, while the only access to them is by a wooden staircase." It is well that such culpable carelessness as this should be noticed publicly, and we have no doubt that, now that their attention has been called to the danger which threatens their valuable records, the citizens will insist on their being deposited in a fire-proof room. Mr. le Strange's volume forms a substantial contribution to the materials for a new History of Norfolk, or a new edition of Blomefield's great work, and we hope that his good example may be followed in counties which as yet have no official lists.

* *Norfolk Official Lists, from the Earliest Period to the Present Day.* Compiled from original sources, with an Introduction. By Hamon le Strange. Published by subscription. Norwich: Agas H. Goose. 1890.

THE THEORY OF LIGHT.*

"VISION," said Aristotle in a moment of sagacious speculation, "is the result of some impression made upon the faculty of sense; an impression which cannot be effected by the colour itself as perceived, and must, therefore, be due to the medium which intervenes. An intervening substance, then, of one kind or another, there must necessarily be; and were this intervening space made empty, not only will the object not be seen exactly, but it will not be perceived at all." Twenty centuries passed away before any noteworthy addition was made to the theory of light. Then Newton disentangled the solar spectrum and worked out the corpuscular theory with wonderful dexterity, while at the same time Huygens, following in the steps of Bartholinus, discovered the polarization of light, and Römer showed by observations on the satellites of Jupiter that light has a finite and measurable velocity. In the last two hundred years extraordinary progress has been made; and if Newton had not lent the weight of his name to the corpuscular theory, still more might by this time have been accomplished. Never in the history of modern physics, we are told, was truth so long kept down by authority. It follows, as Sir George Stokes has said, that we should not attach too great importance to great names, but investigate in an unbiassed manner the facts which lie open to our examination. Newton's rejection of the wave theory was due to the difficulty of accounting for the rectilinear propagation of light and the phenomena of polarization. He therefore had recourse to the only alternative—the supposition that the sensation of light is caused by the emission from luminous bodies of extremely minute particles travelling with enormous velocity. He worked out the theory, as we have said, with wonderful ingenuity, accounting for refraction and reflection, and even for the colours of thin plates:—"Car ce grand homme" (to quote Biot once more), "qui mettait la plus grande sévérité dans ses expériences, et la plus grande réserve dans ses conjectures, n'hésitait jamais à suivre les conséquences d'une vérité aussi loin qu'elle pouvait le conduire." And there were difficulties enough in the way of the emission theory to discourage a less resourceful genius. To begin with, it had to postulate an enormous force to propel the particles with the required velocity—a force "over a million of million times greater than the force of gravity at the earth's surface." But the rock upon which the theory finally split was the observed fact that the velocity of light is greater in a rare than in a dense medium. When Young had discovered the principle of destructive interference and the idea of transverse vibrations had taken shape, it was possible to reinstate the wave theory, and show that it could account for facts which the corpuscular theory had left unexplained.

In *The Theory of Light* Mr. Thomas Preston has given us a remarkably clear and concise exposition of the undulatory theory as it stands at the present time. There are plenty of elementary text-books treating the subject from a popular point of view; but the science of Optics has long ago passed beyond the range of the general reader, and these books, as Mr. Preston points out, "fall far short of the requirements of those who wish to know how far investigation has been carried, or in what directions it remains to be pursued, and of these, which are the most urgent and most likely to be attacked with success." Many of the most interesting papers are buried in the Transactions of learned Societies or in scientific periodicals, and are practically inaccessible except to those who have the run of a large library. There was, therefore, a pressing need for a book which should furnish the student with "an accurate and connected account of the most important optical researches from the earliest times up to the most recent date." This, in his own words, is what Mr. Preston has endeavoured to supply; and we heartily congratulate him upon the manner in which he has executed the task. He has presented the mathematical theory in its simplest possible form, with references to the original papers for the benefit of those who wish to pursue the subject further. In the ninth chapter he applies "Cornu's spiral" with great success to the solution of problems in diffraction. He does not assert the graphical method to be superior to the ordinary method, but it is undoubtedly beautiful and interesting in itself, and less likely to repel junior students by its initial difficulty. Much of the charm of the book is attributable, no doubt, to the fascinating nature of the subject. There is no department of science in which more beautiful experiments and more refined investigations are to be met with. Take, for example, Fresnel's theory of double refraction, as detailed in the twelfth chapter of this book, together with the account of Sir William Hamilton's prediction of internal conical refraction in biaxial crystals, and the subsequent experimental verification of the prediction by Dr. Lloyd. Or take the twentieth chapter, in which an account is given of the methods by which Fizeau, Foucault, Michelson, and others, have endeavoured to ascertain by experiment the velocity of light. There is, by-the-by, another experimental method, not described by Mr. Preston, which depends upon the balancing of a force of electrostatic attraction against one of electro-magnetic repulsion. We are a little surprised not to find some direct reference to this and other similar methods, because Mr. Preston has not failed to give due prominence to the recent discoveries of Dr. Hertz and the equations of the electro-magnetic field. The upshot of Hertz's

discoveries is to show that luminous and electro-magnetic disturbances are propagated in one and the same medium, in the same manner, and at the same rate, but with very different wave-lengths. Dr. Hertz has very considerably enlarged our knowledge of what we call the ether, the all-pervading medium "to which," as Mr. Preston says, "we now look for a knowledge of the process by which one body is enabled to attract another, as well as for an explanation of the ultimate constitution of matter itself." But it is as well to bear in mind how little, after all, is known of this mysterious medium beyond the fact that it is a vehicle of energy. Convenient as the hypothesis may be, we cannot infer with certainty that the ether actually exists as a substance; we have no definite knowledge of its mode of action, or, in other words, of the nature of the twists or displacements to which it may be subjected; and recent experiments (those of Michelson and Morley) have only increased the difficulty of forming a consistent idea of the relation in which it stands to gross matter.

TWO BOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

WE have been so sated by controversial African literature of late, and with diaries of dull travel by indifferent writers, that it is a relief to turn to such a volume as the *First Ascent of Kilimanjaro*. It is all that a book of the kind ought to be. It is handsomely got up; it is admirably illustrated; it is well translated; and, above all, it is replete with information and with exciting adventure, narrated with unflinching brightness and animation. Had the book come under the notice of the worthy old geographers who covered the whole of Central Africa with the superscription "Unexplored," and believed in a waterless and sultry Sahara, they would assuredly have attributed the inspiration of "Kilimanjaro" to the Father of lies. Even to us, with all our lights on the subject, it sounds strange to read of eternal snows and of gigantic glaciers encroaching on plateaus of perpetual verdure and with a weather-beaten and storm-dwarfed Alpine vegetation. Dr. Meyer's mountaineering feats more than rival the records of the men who were the first to scale the Matterhorn and Finsteraarhorn. For he had no skilled guides to take him in charge; he made his starts from a bleak bivouac among the rocks instead of from a comfortable hotel; and he did the work that involved tremendous bodily exertions with no little anxiety of mind, on sun-dried meat and Indian corn, washed down with water and citric acid. Dr. Meyer is a veteran traveller and an enthusiast. He had never before visited Africa, but he had set his heart on being the first to ascend Kilimanjaro, which is supposed to be the highest mountain in Africa, and is certainly the loftiest in the German Empire. Previous to the exciting journey which is the subject of the present volume, he had made two unsuccessful attempts. On the first occasion, leaving his companion exhausted behind him, he scrambled as far as the foot of the ice-cap or extinct crater which crowns the summit of Kibo, one of Kilimanjaro's twin peaks. The second attempt was baffled altogether by the war between the Germans and the Arabs; and the venturesome explorer was made captive and held to ransom by the Arab chief Bushiri. Noways daunted, he undertook the third expedition, which met with the full success it deserved. He showed his discretion in selecting as his companion Herr Purtscheller, a tried mountaineering man and a professor of gymnastics, who had every opportunity on the ice-slopes and the rock-ledges of putting his own lessons in practice. Without drawing invidious comparisons, we are struck by the quiet and smooth efficiency with which Dr. Meyer conducted his march. Good masters make good servants, and among the leaders of his Somali and Zanzibar attendants, he had the luck to find men devoted to his interests, and on whom he could rely. He kept strict discipline, but he knew when to be indulgent. Though there were feuds and fighting in the districts he traversed, he had no occasion to shoot a single native, and he "squared" the petty chiefs who were inclined to give trouble by a judicious mixture of firmness and liberality. Like most travellers who have done excellent work, he is inclined to make light of his hardships. He declares that, if the African explorer in these parts fares badly, it must be his own fault. The people were always eager to trade in provisions, and in populous districts supplies of all kinds poured in with profusion. As his little caravan approached the mountainous regions, he paints enchanting pictures of the scenery. He describes valleys watered by murmuring brooks, rippling downwards under canopies of sugar canes and bananas, and sleek herds of cattle grazing upon grassy slopes, studded with umbrageous timber in park-like clumps. Between the valleys are boundless stretches of wooded pasture; but, strange to say, with the exception of the vultures, scarcely a bird is to be seen; and except during the rains, no insects are visible. On the other hand, there is a great variety of big game; the rhinoceros and the giraffe graze singly, or in groups of two or three; the larger antelopes and the zebras run in herds of two or three hundred; and when the party had reached

* *Across East African Glaciers: the First Ascent of Kilimanjaro*. By Dr. Hans Meyer. Translated by E. H. T. Calder. London: Philip & Sons. 1891.

In Trabaudour-Land; a Ramble in Provence and Languedoc. By T. Baring-Gould. London: Allen & Co. 1891.

* *The Theory of Light*. By Thomas Preston, M.A., Trinity College, Dublin. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

the forest regions higher up, they came everywhere on the tracks of buffalo and the wreckage of the devastating elephants. Dr. Meyer complains bitterly of the invasions of sportsmen who not only massacre indiscriminately, but scare away the game. We are glad to see that, since he wrote, the German Colonial authorities have restricted the rights of shooting in their African dominions. The march through the forest was in such silence and gloom as was described in more melodramatic language by Stanley. "The silence was only broken by the hoarse bark of the monkey or the mournful cry of the hornbill." They emerged from it among jagged rocks rising out of a dense undergrowth of rhododendrons and giant heaths, tapestried and festooned with trailing grey lichens. The thermometer had fallen to 36° Fahr., and the guards and porters from the tropical zone in their scanty clothing sat cowering and shivering over the sputtering camp fires. Leaving the bulk of his party behind, Dr. Meyer established himself under a bell tent in a higher camp by way of outpost, and from that, with Herr Putscheller, he pushed onwards again, with a single native attendant to cook and carry some bedding. He and his European companion were laden with their provisions, personal necessities, and scientific instruments. We wish we could follow them in the sensations and vicissitudes of the story of their successive attempts on the two summits of Kibo and Mawenzi, in which pluck and perseverance were ultimately rewarded. The descriptions of the volcanic scenery, with its aspects of savage desolation, are wonderfully vivid and picturesque. When they had left the last vestiges of vegetation beneath them, at an elevation of nearly 16,000 feet, they looked up across the steep slopes of rock-strewn talus at a massive wall of ice which seemed to be crenelated and crowned with towers and battlements. The climbing was dangerous as well as difficult, and the rarified air told terribly upon them. Now and again on some exposed slope or in a *coulouir*, they were bombarded with heavy discharges of blocks, for the lower cliffs are always in process of disintegration, and it seems marvellous that the mountain has not crumbled and collapsed. Often they had to cut steps in the ice-walls, and "each step cost some twenty strokes of the axe." Repeatedly, after excessive efforts, they were turned back by some impracticable obstacle, and the glaciers being greatly cracked and crevassed, they were always treading gingerly on precarious snow-bridges. At last, although still below the most lofty elevation, "the secret of Kibo lay unveiled before us—at our feet yawned a gigantic crater with precipitous walls, occupying the entire summit of the mountain. The sight burst upon us with such unexpected suddenness, that for a moment it almost took our breath away." On the ascent of the other peak of Mawenzi they had even more break-neck climbing. They worked up the face of the lower cliffs by vertical fissures, as a sweep might have scrambled up an old-fashioned chimney, and Dr. Meyer gives Herr Putscheller credit for the instinct which showed him a way round apparently impossible corners, and along the friable scarps of dizzy precipices. So we can sympathize with Dr. Meyer's justifiable pride when he planted the German colours on the untrodden summit of the mountain.

In the *Troubadour-Land* of Mr. Baring-Gould we are in very different scenes and associations. Provence and Languedoc are the cradle-lands of love, song, and romance, when the semi-barbaric chivalry of Northern Europe found their only distractions in banqueting and bloodshed. Consequently when the iron North went crusading in the sensuous South, the fair land was given over to fire and sword, and many a venerable monument of antiquity was destroyed. Moreover in later times the sea has been receding from the ancient seaports, the population has been dwindling and shifting to the busy centres of industry, and many religious buildings have fallen into decay or been diverted to secular uses. Nevertheless, there is still much that is interesting from an architectural point of view, in a fair state of preservation. The massive Roman remains have defied the ravages of modern Goths and Vandals, who have been quarrying the blocks for aqueducts and temples, and turning amphitheatres into mediæval fortresses. Moreover, the physical character of the country is remarkable, and it can boast an exceptionally sensational history since the shores of southern Gaul were colonized by the Greeks, and more effectually subjugated and civilized by the Romans. We fancy that few men are better fitted than Mr. Gould to deal with all these subjects comparatively off-hand. He tells us that when in Rome he received peremptory instructions from his publishers to go and write a book on Provence. He went accordingly, and he wrote the book. We do not say that it shows no signs of book-making. He has a good deal to say about churches, museums, &c., which is to be found with slight variations in the guide-books. But, on the whole, and as we should have expected, there is a creditable freshness and originality in the volume. We need not say that Mr. Gould is at his best in the way of narrating and interpreting apocryphal old legends. As an accomplished classical scholar he gives an admirable idea of the famous campaigns of Marius against the barbarians. He traces the causes of the decay of the towns which once, like Venice, were nourished by their lagoons, and had luxuries floated to their doors on canals and navigable rivers. He shows how the costly draining and embanking works of comparatively modern engineers have proved a curse instead of a blessing, and changed a district which used to be one of the granaries of the world into malarious swamps given over to sheep, waterfowl, and troops of half-wild horses. He gives an admirable account of those very remarkable

districts—the Crau and Les Baux, as well as the Camargue. Moreover, like William Howitt or Mr. Louis Jennings, he enlivens his narrative by recounting his personal experiences, turning trivial incidents to good account. He makes a point of travelling third class, and of patronizing second-class provincial inns, and though we cannot sympathize with his self-sacrificing spirit, we are grateful for what we gain by it. For he is always ready to talk, and, like a clever cross-examining counsel, he excels in bringing flashes of light out of darkness, and in extracting what they can tell from uneducated or reluctant witnesses. He has known France from his childhood, and it is his conviction, by the way, that Frenchmen have changed greatly since the disastrous war. They used to carry themselves, like native-born Americans, as if they could whip all creation as a matter of course, and they were always cheery or jovial over their *ordinaire* or cognac. Now they seem depressed like beaten game-cocks; they have been fairly overcrowded by the truculent Germans, and they misdoubt a second appeal to the chances of war. If it be so, though the *tables d'hôte* may lose in joviality, there is compensation in the thought that their depression may bind them over to keep the peace, and their discouragement may tend to the tranquillity of Europe.

IONICA.*

THE volume of verse which is known to all Eton men, to most Oxford and Cambridge men of some standing, and to a few—not, we think, to many—readers of poetry outside of these charmed circles, as *Ionica*, has had, we believe, two previous appearances in print, one more than thirty, the other about twenty, years ago. Its authorship is the most open of secrets. But an incognito so long maintained is worthy of respect by literary courtesy. Nor shall we think it necessary to discuss omissions or additions in the different issues, but rather consider the whole as it now appears, in the light of a substantive work. It so happens—and the detail is not an obtrusion of personal matter, but germane to the criticism—that the present reviewer last read *Ionica* at a distance of more than two decades, and that, to the best of his memory, the impressions of the two readings were remarkably uniform, though the subject matter is by no means identical. This, in the case of work which, in time of composition (for much of it is dated), seems to have extended over the whole period from 1850 to 1890, is of itself rather a curious thing.

One not insignificant note of impression about *Ionica* which has thus reproduced itself is as follows. There is here, as we may presently find occasion to show more at length, some exceedingly remarkable verse and some undoubted poetry. But there is also a very curious note of what we can only call amateurishness. Let us hasten to clear up what we mean by amateurish. In a certain sense, of course, all poetry is amateur, unless it is an official utterance of the Poet Laureate or the Professor of Poetry at Oxford, who are, we think, the only constituted poetical authorities in this kingdom, or, indeed, these kingdoms. That, we need hardly say, is not our meaning. Nor do we mean by "amateurish," "bad," or "minor," or any such thing. We do not even mean—though this also is a note of the book—that it is one of those in which the genuinely poetical but comparatively rare *élans* of a man with whom the poetical mood is an exception are collected. The amateurishness to which we refer is to be found in some of the great poets, and is absent from some comparatively small ones. Keats, for instance, had it to his last and best; Shelley seldom or never even in his earliest and worst. Wordsworth, with all his pompous consecration, often displays it; Southey, an infinitely inferior poet, never. Herrick is quite free from it, and so is Carew; while their contemporary, and at his best superior, Crashaw, is full of it. It is not easy to define, for almost all its several marks may coexist with freedom from it; but it may be generally adumbrated as a want of sustained command of the minor requirements of poetry; an apparently unconscious declension from well-girtness and proportion into the slipshod and the formless; a sudden and unaccountable loss of inspiration; a heedless acquiescence in little slovenlinesses, such as (a besetting sin with the author of *Ionica*) the alternation of "you" and "thou"; an exasperating change from sailing serenely through the empyrean to flapping the wings goose-fashion.

But, though there is something of this in *Ionica*, there is very much else. In the first place, there is a great individuality. The Tennysonian echo is very strong here and there; but there is enough that is original beside and behind it to prevent its being merely an echo. To another writer the poems are frequently even closer; but the resemblance to Mr. Matthew Arnold is a resemblance, not of derivation, but of parallel. It is, indeed, one of the most striking that we remember in any two writers, extending as it does, not merely to mannerisms of thought and speech, but to general habit of mind, to sources of inspiration and study, and even to some faults of taste and temper. Looked at from some points of view, the two are of course poles asunder; looked at from others, there would be some faint excuse for a thirtieth-century commentator of a type now very well known, who, finding *Ionica* to be *adespoton*, and lacking positive information, should describe it as Mr. Arnold's.

But to its contents. The dedication is to us utterly ruined by

* *Ionica*, London and Orpington: George Allen.

what Dr. Johnson so justly called the "disgusting" confusion of you and thou already referred to, and the reflection on the *Ajax* which follows, though a not unsonorous piece of sentiment, is little more. But "Mimnermus in Church," an almost famous copy of verses, deserves its fame well enough, though its sentiment—

Your chilly stars I can forego,
This warm, kind world is all I know—

is more hackneyed now than it was at the time of its production. We have never quite shared the admiration expressed, and doubtless felt, by some for the translation:—

They told me, Heracitus, they told me you were dead.

For the metre seems to us unhappily chosen for an epicede; and we cannot get over a doubtless quite irrational personal impression that the form of the opening words ought to lead up to the statement that the news was not true. The half-dozen classical pieces which follow are fine, but not very far out of the common. That note is first struck in the beautiful *Dirge*, which we must quote, and against which we have not a word to say, except that we do not like the sound for "Anteros." It is true that English is rather niggardly of rhymes with the soft *s* after long *o*, but there are some:—

Naiad, hid beneath the bank
By the willowy river-side,
Where Narcissus gently sank,
Where unmarried Echo died,
Unto thy serene repose
Waft the stricken Anteros.

Where the tranquil swan is borne,
Imaged in a watery glass,
Where the sprays of fresh pink thorn
Stoop to catch the boats that pass,
Where the earliest orchis grows,
Bury thou fair Anteros.

Glide we by, with prow and oar:
Ripple shadows off the wave,
And reflected on the shore
Haply play about the grave.
Folds of summer-light enclose
All that once was Anteros.

On a flickering wave we gaze,
Not upon his answering eyes:
Flower and bird we scarce can praise,
Having lost his sweet replies:
Cold and mute the river flows
With our tears for Anteros.

Almost as good is the succeeding "Invocation":—

I never prayed for Dryads to haunt the woods again.

But to find this Ionian in his true element we must pass to "Academus" with the two stanzas:—

My summers lapse away beneath
Their cool Athenian shade:
And I a string for myrtle-wreath,
A whetstone unto blade;

I cheer the games I cannot play;
As stands a crippled squire
To watch his master through the fray,
Uplifted by desire.

"Amaturus," again, though, of course, inspired by the immortal "Where'er she be, That not impossible she," is a very charming poem, full of such touches as that of the lady's voice:—

With sudden turns when love
Gets overnear to doting.

And eyelids lightly falling
On little glistening seas.

Neither shall a man miss if he be wise

When these rocks were yellow as gold,

or two real "Fragments of Childhood," or the Sapphics—

Love like an island held a single heart,

or the autumnal sadness of "Amavi," re-echoed and varied in "Deteriora," or the delightful "Merry Parting." We own to a shock of surprise that so accomplished a scholar should make of

Play "*La défaite des Suisses*," then pearly notes,

a decasyllable; but this is almost a solitary dwelling in the tents of Soli. Let there be praise for the brave and wise defiance of "A Retrospect of School Life." "To Two Young Ladies" keeps up excellently that tradition of half-laughing, half-serious rhyme which, though it has never failed since Swift's snatches in the letters to Stella, and, indeed, earlier, has got rather rarer of late. The new "Ballad for a Boy," on a certain chivalrous deed of the old French navy, deserves high praise; "Hersilia" (to the address of Newnham and Girtton) would not have been scorned by Præd, and then with two snatches in different keys, both true enough, we end:—

Wee worth old Time the lord,
Pointing his senseless sword
Down on our festal board,
Where we would dine,
Chilling the kindly hall,
Bidding the dainties pall,
Making the garlands fall,
Souring the wine.

I.

With these words, Good-bye, Adieu,
Take I leave to part from you,
Leave to go beyond your view,
Through the haze of that which is to be;
Fare thou forth, and wing thy way,
So our language makes me say,
Though it yield, the forward spirit needs must pray
In the word that is hope's old token.

II.

Though the fountain cease to play,
Dew must glitter near the brink,
Though the weary mind decay,
As of old it thought so must it think.
Leave alone the darkling eyes
Fixed upon the moving skies,
Cross the hands upon the bosom, there to rise
To the throb of the faith not spoken.

That there are faults, independently of the formal ones already noted, to balance the merits of *Ionica* is unfortunately true enough, though they are perhaps less noticeable than in the original form. Occasionally the writer is trivial; occasionally, as has been said, his taste is doubtful. More often still there is a sort of trail of mawkish and inordinate affection which is, if not actually disgusting, decidedly *déplaisant*. The poet's philosophy wants breadth, range, nobility, manliness; his "philocaly" is equally destitute of vigour, of breeze, of the pure fire of straightforward passion. He is at times distinctly unwholesome, and one feels inclined to ask with a vigorous ancestor, "Give me the table-flap, the mutton bone, and Mary!" instead of his bookish perfumes and flower-beds and questionable personages with epicene characteristics. But this taint is not universal, and where it is absent there is not seldom an almost equal excellence of scholarly presentation in form and poetical quality in matter.

TWO FARM ANNUALS.*

IN the course of a rather favourable review of the *Dairy Annual* and the *Poultry and Pigeon Annual* last year, we ventured to suggest that descriptions of the various breeds were almost as necessary in the case of cattle as of poultry; that a list of the coinages of some two dozen foreign countries, with the English equivalents, were no more required by poultry-fanciers than by dairy-farmers; that where economy of space was desirable—as it always is in a pocket-book—such things as lists of "foreign dairy scientists and experts," and the names of every member of the committees of a number of poultry shows or clubs, might be omitted with advantage; that pocket-books of this kind would be the better for pencils in their covers; that the rules for ascertaining the ages of cattle by their teeth would be clearer if illustrated; that if the one *Annual* wanted an index, so also did the other; that the book on the dairy was incomplete without a calving-table; that the dates ought to be printed on the weekly labour-account; and that the spaces for the names of the cows, on the Cow Record, should be wider, while those for the dates of service might well be narrower. Now, so far as we can see, not one of our suggestions has been acted upon. Nor do one or two other little friendly hints which we gave at the same time appear to have found favour in the eyes of the author, who still prefers his own spelling in "fricassed" chickens. One alteration, however, has been made which we did not suggest. Last year, in the Calendar, besides the principal feast days, the names and dates were given of a large number of agricultural and poultry shows. This year nothing at all is given, the pages being left blank for the owners of the books to fill in according to their own tastes and fancies. What strikes us most in looking through these two *Annals* is the want of information concerning things which have happened in connexion with their subjects in 1890. A summary of the principal events in the dairy-farming world, during a year which has been particularly interesting, would have been acceptable enough. Yet these two pocket-books are sufficiently good to be worth making better. Possibly their author may take a more despairing view of them than we do; for he has scarcely improved them at all this year; indeed, the blank calendars suggest the possibility that next year his *Annals* may consist of nothing but ruled paper, enabling the reader to have been first of all the writer. "If you don't like my book," he may virtually say, "go and write one for yourself."

MARSHALL'S PRINCIPLES OF ECONOMICS.†

THIS book is, without doubt, among the most important contributions to political science made by English authors within recent times. In using the word "political" rather than the narrower and more obvious "economic," we have already

* *The Dairy Annual*. A Reference Book for Dairy Farmers and Dairymen. By James Long. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1891.

† *The Poultry and Pigeon Annual*. A Note-Book for Breeders and Exhibitors. By James Long. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1891.

† *Principles of Economics*. By Alfred Marshall, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge, &c. Vol. I. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

given by implication one reason for thinking of Mr. Marshall's work as highly as we do. Mr. Marshall has vindicated Political Economy from the reproach of being a thing of dry and unreal abstractions; at worst a science falsely so called and useless or misleading in practice, at best a sort of auxiliary calculus to the larger survey of statesmen and reformers. He exhibits it as a true and living branch of Politics, as the study not merely of the logical consequences of competition between wealth-seeking individuals, but of the wealth of nations in the fullest sense. There has been a notion abroad for some time that the so-called orthodox economic theories of the English school have broken down, and nothing definite has taken their place; that modern economists are hopelessly at variance with one another even on fundamentals; that, in short, the scientific treatment of economic problems is discredited, and we may as well go back to the dictates of enlightened common-sense, which would leave us in evil plight enough; for the deliverances of common-sense in matters of this kind are mostly crude and unguarded versions of these same discredited economic axioms, tempered by gush and guesswork in uncertain proportions. A reader who has followed Mr. Marshall with reasonable care will be delivered from this illusion once for all. Political Economy, so far from falling into anarchy, has been consolidating her dominion and extending her boundaries. There have been rumours, but not of war; the smoke of the camp-fires has marked, not lines of battle, but the advance of settlers into new territory; the noise that we heard was not the din of arms, but the ring of the pioneer's axe in the forest and the clang of the workshops where new tools are being forged, that the land may be subdued and explored. The process which on a hasty view seems to be an unsettlement of principle, is really the development of the principles in their application to more and more complex facts. Conditions and qualifications which were tacitly supposed to be outside the range of exact reasoning or measurement are being brought within it. Starting from concrete observation of certain facts and operations in society, the science has worked out a reasoned system of consequences, and has thence returned again to grapple more closely with the multitude and variety of facts, and, in the very act of subduing them to rule, to enlarge and refine its rules. This alternating prevalence of the abstract and the concrete in working methods is not peculiar to the economic branch of politics; it is often conspicuous in the development of political and legal systems. It is not even confined to political or social science as a whole. In some sciences it is an affair of special departments, or of the point of view taken for a special purpose, rather than of rhythmic periods. But the contrast is observable even in the exact sciences; and, rightly considered, it is a true contrast of complementary elements, not an opposition of hostile ones. It is certain that a man cannot learn to build iron bridges by reading mathematical treatises on physics; but it is no less certain that without the mathematicians the bridges, if, indeed, they got built at all, could not be built nearly so well or safely. A working engineer who should deride mathematicians for discussing the behaviour of absolutely rigid rods, frictionless surfaces, weightless strings, and such like ideal things which do not exist in nature, would show himself discreditably ignorant of the reasons of his own art. And yet the topics of objection to Political Economy which are commonly found in the mouths of people who think themselves practical, and sometimes even of statesmen, are precisely of this kind.

It is conceivable that Political Economy should be formally divided into branches corresponding, if not to pure and applied mathematics, at any rate to physical mathematics and to their practical applications. Thus Ricardo's theory of rent is related to the investigation of this or that historical system of land tenure and cultivation somewhat as Carnot's theory of a heat-engine to the design and construction of actual steam-engines, or Clerk Maxwell's theory of electricity to the calculations by which the consulting engineer of an electric lighting company determines the plant required for a central station. But political science is not a thing to be left in the hands of a class of experts; on the contrary, the widest possible diffusion of it seems to be the best if not the only permanent security, in modern constitutional States, against the cynical charlatanism of professional politicians, who are apt to be anything but truly scientific. Hence, whatever increases the apparent technicality of any branch of political science, and thereby makes it strange or repulsive to educated citizens at large, is to that extent an evil; and it seems that, in the practical exposition of economic science, any formal division of the kind suggested would in this way do more harm than good. The abstract parts of political economy may be aided and illustrated, in the hands of an economist who is also a mathematician, by quasi-mathematical methods, and even by downright mathematical work, as Mr. Marshall himself has shown. But Mr. Marshall, addressing the educated public, has wisely adopted the concrete method from the outset, and has put his mathematical work into notes and appendices. The result is that his book, without any sacrifice of scientific exactness, has a literary merit and a human interest which are exceedingly rare in works on the subject, and that the dangers of misapprehension and perversion are reduced to the lowest possible degree. Mr. Marshall is eminently qualified by personal and practical knowledge to take this line. He writes as one who knows the market and the factory not merely from books. He has studied production and demand not in statistics alone, but by entering into the manufacturer's, the merchant's, and

the workman's point of view. Land tenure and agriculture do not seem to be so familiar to Mr. Marshall at first-hand, but he has used the best sources of information and left nothing unverified; and those who wish to discuss agrarian questions on a solid basis of fact will do well to acquaint themselves, whatever their social and political theories may be, with his chapters on "Demand and Supply in relation to Land." Then Mr. Marshall never forgets that the political sciences, in a more direct and special way than other kinds of science, exist for the sake of the common weal. He writes as a citizen and keeps the common weal constantly in sight. He is not content to demonstrate that such and such will be the consequences, in the long run and on a sufficiently large scale, of men's pursuit of material advantages, and leave it to others to judge how far those consequences may be for the common advantage or not. Oftentimes he shows that there is room for strictly economic argument in matters where it is commonly and perhaps too lightly supposed that political economy has to be in some way overridden for the sake of higher ends than material wealth. He forcibly maintains, for example, that even from a business point of view the preservation of open spaces in towns and populous districts is a good public investment.

The volume now before us begins with an introductory survey, containing, by an excellent innovation, much more historical matter than it has been usual to admit in economic treatises, and goes on to consider the fundamental notions of wealth, production, capital, and income, and then to work out the problems of demand and supply, cost of production, and value. To follow Mr. Marshall's exposition over the whole field would be to write another book. We have found it singularly clear and interesting throughout, and we can think of only one sort of readers likely to be disappointed—those who regard scientific books as magazines of compact and dogmatic definitions, which can be used to save their brains from being hurt with too much thinking. Mr. Marshall's way, as he himself declares at an early stage, is to care less for defining terms than for analysing ideas; and his analysis is verified and enlivened at every step by testing its correspondence with the facts of real life. As continuity is the rule in the actual nature of things, so is it the guiding principle of Mr. Marshall's work. Old-fashioned hard-and-fast divisions are relegated to the place of convenient approximations—true enough to be useful in dealing with the groups of typical cases to which they are appropriate, but not to be trusted anywhere near the border-line. Thus, even the distinction between "productive" and "unproductive" work, which is one of the best marked, is not a really fixed one. As Mr. Marshall observes, we must always be prepared to check our use of the term by asking, Productive of what? Generally we seem to mean by "productive" that which increases man's permanent resources of use and enjoyment, as distinct from that which gives merely ephemeral pleasure. The same labour may, according to circumstances, be productive at one time and unproductive at another. Mr. Marshall takes the maker of ices as a pretty obvious example of the unproductive worker. But it will cease to be so if he is in India and makes ices for the consumption of an English magistrate, to whom ice is a necessary in the sense that without it he could not keep himself in health so as to be thoroughly efficient for his judicial duties. That which is a mere ephemeral luxury to the native may be as necessary as meat and drink to the European. Mr. Marshall is careful to point out that in strictness man cannot produce anything at all, but can only rearrange existing matter. Therefore a merchant who brings wood or coal or iron to the place where it is wanted may as fairly be called a producer as the forester who fells the timber, the miner who severs the coal from the soil, or the smelter who extracts the iron from the ore. As a particularly good specimen of Mr. Marshall's power of explanation we may call attention to the chapters on the fertility of land and the "law of diminishing return."

Students of society and business will find Mr. Marshall's pages full of interesting facts and criticism, and even those who deal in statistics may have something to learn from him. He is strenuous in warning his generation not to neglect opportunities of well-doing, and therefore can scarcely be called an optimist; but his general tone is one of hopeful activity, and he is anything but a pessimist or a grumbler. While he allows the grain of truth in the common topics of regret for the drawbacks of commercial civilization, he rebukes many current exaggerations. Machine work, for example, may be monotonous, but in many trades it is less monotonous and more intelligent than the hand work which it has supplanted. Mr. Marshall's remarks on the character and education of English business men show a good deal of insight into human nature, and he rises to statesmanship when he insists on the cumulative effects of good or bad rearing and education on successive generations of workers, and the importance of the result to the community. He is in agreement, we believe, with all competent and impartial inquirers when he contradicts the Socialist dogma that modern industrial progress causes the rich to become richer, and the poor poorer. The contradiction is all the more effective because given in the quietest manner and without even a controversial allusion. "The diffusion of knowledge, the improvement of education, the growth of prudent habits among the masses of the people, and the opportunities which the new methods of business offer for the safe investment of small capitals—all these forces are telling on the side of the poorer classes as a whole relatively to the richer." What all the ascertainable facts concur to show is a general advance in well-being, the advance being faster among the

middle classes than among the rich, and faster still among artisans and labourers; the tendency is towards "une moindre inégalité des conditions," in the words of one of Mr. Marshall's authorities. Perhaps the most delicate of Mr. Marshall's tasks is in dealing with his English predecessors of the deductive school, notably Ricardo. Here he has need not only of a clear head, but of a subtle and light hand, and it is not wanting. The general result is that Ricardo's rules must be taken with much tacit qualification even as applied to English tenant-farming, but that, with the necessary qualifications, they are capable of much wider application than recent economists have been disposed to allow. As for those who have purported to confute Ricardo, Mr. Marshall thinks they confuted only their own misunderstanding of Ricardo, though in some cases it was an excusable one. We can only mention in the briefest terms that Mr. Marshall has mastered and profited by the modern Continental literature of his subject, especially in Germany, without falling into the besetting German vice of over-technicality and unreadableness. On the whole, if there are still people who think political problems worth taking seriously, but have avoided Political Economy as being a "dismal science," we cannot too strongly recommend them to go to Mr. Marshall and be undeceived. It is not too much to say that, when his work is complete, Mr. Marshall will have done for economic science in this generation what was done for it by J. S. Mill in the last.

EURIPIDES IN ENGLISH PROSE.*

THE practice of rendering Greek poetry into English prose is extending, and naturally. The more people do not learn Greek, the more the intelligent ignorant will want to read in English what the Greek poets had to say. They have learned to distrust the paraphrases of versifiers, in which they can never tell what is the Greek's own, and what is Brown's or Smith's. A versifier will render his original into tame blank verse and halting lyrics. A poet will make the ancient writer imitate him and talk in his voice. There remains prose, which frankly avows itself to be a mere convention, which admits that it drops the music, the soul, or, if it seems a better simile, the wings of the thought. But the prose, as it is English, should be English prose, should be what an Englishman might naturally write. Here the difficulty is very great. Homer and Apollonius Rhodius, whom Mr. Coleridge translated last year, were storytellers. A story can be told in prose. But the tragedians were poets both dramatic and lyric, and what kind of prose can give a faint and far-off shadow of their work? Mr. Coleridge's prose in his new version of Euripides is such as no Englishman would naturally write. We speak of it not unkindly; it is with great regret that we go on to point out its defects. But Mr. Coleridge has only begun his task in this volume; there are nine plays—*Rhesus*, *Helen*, *Alcestis*, *Hippolytus*, *Suppliants*, *Trojan Women*, *Ion*, and *Heracleidae*. A critic who is in full sympathy with Mr. Coleridge's aims may be pardoned for trying to show where and how he misses them.

A prose translation has three uses. First, it is a crib and a help to the learner of Greek. Next, it may be consulted by those whose Greek is rusty. Last, it may be read by persons who have no Greek, who have lost patience with paraphrases, and who want to know what the ancients had to say—what their matter was. They are the most important class. Mr. Coleridge has tried to combine "the literal and the literary"; he has been only too literary, in the wrong way. A translation in prose of Greek plays, if it is to be really literary, should be harmonious, smooth, and simple. In fact, it should be readable. Now Mr. Coleridge errs by a constant intermixture of blank verse. There are six blank-verse lines in his first page; such as:—

Unseal thy luring eye from its repose.
Art not aware how near the Argive host?
Oh Hector, seek thine allies' sleeping camp.
Ye Phrygian archers, string your horn-tipped bows.

He seldom runs into several lines of blank verse, but he abounds in single lines, and he ought to be on his guard against this in his next volume.

Again, Mr. Coleridge's language is not always well selected. Dolon should not say

Such is the ruse I have decided on.

In the *Medea*, Euripides says:—

ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἔστιν
Μοῦσα καὶ ἡμῖν, ἥ προσομιλεῖ
σοφίας ἕνεκεν· πάσαισι μὲν οὐ·
παύρον δὲ γένος, μίαν ἐν πολλαῖς
εὖροις ἂν ἴσως,
οὐκ ἀπόμνησον τὸ γυναικῶν.

Mr. Coleridge translates, "but then e'en we aspire to culture, which dwells with us to teach wisdom; I say not all; for small is the class among women (one may be thou shalt find 'mid many) that is not incapable of culture." Certainly the idea is hard to render, but the idea of "aspiring to culture" is modern of the most modern. We think we might almost be driven to

regarding *Μοῦσα* as not quite devoid of its mythological sense. "Nay, but even for us there is a Muse, who consorts with us, and teaches us wisdom; with all women, no—for few is the clan of such—one perchance thou mightst find among many; but one, who turns not from this Muse." It is not at all satisfactory, because the ideas themselves of the Chorus are modern enough, but the style in which the ideas are expressed is antique; and of that Mr. Coleridge, with the Chorus's aspirations to culture, gives no notion. His phrase suggests University Extension, the Higher Education of Women, and other weary things.

A common trouble in Mr. Coleridge's prose is his habit of needless inversion. Why should the Nurse talk of *Medea*, "her soul with love for Jason smitten"? He sinks below the level of poetry when he makes an Attendant say, "I know not whether the news is to be relied upon." *Medea* complains, "Some think me clever, and hate me . . . others find me hard to please, and not so very clever after all." This is less worthy of the queen of tragedy than

σοφὴ γὰρ οὖσα τοῖς μὲν εἰμ' ἐπιφθονος.

Jason becomes extremely commonplace when he observes, "It is not now I first remark, but oft ere this, how unruly a pest is a harsh temper."

οὐ νῦν κατείδον πρότον, ἀλλὰ πολλὰίς
τραχείαν ὀργὴν ὡς ἀμήχανον κακόν.

The Greek is not commonplace, and it is the business of the translator to preserve its dignity. If he does not, the plays must remain stumbling-blocks to English readers, who will be unable to comprehend what it was that the Greeks found so fine in them.

Mr. Coleridge's *Medea* says that her husband is "a monster of iniquity," as if she took her style from the newspapers. She does say

κίκιστος ἔστι μοι πάντων πόσις,

where a perfectly literal translation would be infinitely more dignified. Then, conceive *Medea* sending a servant to "crave an interview":—

εἰς ὄψιν ἐλθεῖν τὴν ἐμὴν αἰτήσομαι.

To "crave an interview" is no equivalent in prose that is trying to render poetry. Again, "when, lo, a scene of awful horror did ensue!"

Other plays, especially the *Alcestis*, are more happily turned than the *Medea*, though we still find too much blank verse, and it is difficult to discover a passage of mark in which the style does not, more or less, break down. Mr. Coleridge's version is useful as a crib, and greatly superior to the old cribs. But we cannot say that it is an ideal, or even a very excellent effort to give the English reader a sense of the beauty of the tragedies. Mr. Coleridge has attempted a most difficult labour, a task in which every word and every line need the most delicate consideration. It is not wise to write now in a kind of poetic style with heedless and hampering inversions, now to drop into the language of the newspapers. No amount of care, consideration, and finish is too much to bestow, no number of experiments in the search of flexibility and expressiveness are wasted. Mr. Coleridge has still many plays before him. He might make a study of the best prose translations in French, and learn something from them. Of course an increased success in his endeavour will be his chief reward. When all is done, he will still find that there is more to do; but this is one of the most salutary lessons in literature. Unlike original compositions, translation can hardly be too often rewritten, and rehandled, considered in every light, and after intervals of time. But this is no commercial labour, it must be undertaken for its own sake, and for love.

Mr. Coleridge has added an agreeable and sympathetic brief life of Euripides, and has expressed the fear that "in all attempts of this kind an *amari aliquid* will rise both for reader and writer."

It must needs be so; but we are confident that Mr. Coleridge can greatly improve on his first volume, and that his own style and command of English will gain much in the process.

S. G. O.*

LORD SIDNEY GODOLPHIN OSBORNE, better known by his initials than by his name and title at full length, died at Lewes in the month of May 1889. His last letter on public affairs was published in the *Times* the year before. As regards the main work of his life, so far as the large public which reads that journal has cognizance of it, he may be said to have died in harness. The statesman, variously designated by Mr. Arnold White as Lord Melbourne and Sir James Graham, who described him as "a popularity hunting parson," correctly echoed the impression which prevailed respecting him at the beginning of his career. He was considered as a sort of clerical Joseph Arch, or would have been if Joseph Arch had flourished to form

* *The Letters of S. G. O.* A Series of Letters on Public Affairs, written by the Rev. Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne, and published in the "Times," 1844-1888. Edited by Arnold White. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

* *Euripides in English Prose.* By E. P. Coleridge. London: George Bell & Sons. 1891.

the subject of a disparaging comparison nearly half a century ago—a kind of John Ball of the nineteenth century, stirring up disaffection between the agricultural labourers and the lords or cultivators of the soil. He was looked on as one of those clergymen who, not content with cultivating their own parish, seek notoriety in the newspapers. Yet the redoubtable S. G. O. of the *Times* was essentially a country parson, and it was in this character that he did the work which has made his name, or rather the initials which represent it, notorious. Gilbert White's studies and fame as a naturalist were not more deeply rooted in the soil of Selborne than the social and political studies of S. G. O. in his acquaintance with the needs and troubles of the poor people of his Dorsetshire parish. His views of the relations of the agricultural labourer to the farmer and the squire, of the education suitable to the rural poor, of emigration, of sanitary reform, though he may sometimes in his conclusions have generalized beyond the range of his experience, had their starting-point in his experience of his own village, and were brought back thither for verification. He was not a book reformer, a theorist of the library, any more than White was a closet naturalist. He observed the lives of the people about him, their privations and stumblings, tracing them to their origin, and devising such remedies for them as lay in his power; and from this special experience he spoke.

Sidney Godolphin Osborne is curiously described by Mr. Arnold White as the third son of the first Lord Godolphin. As the first Lord Godolphin was raised to the peerage in the reign of Charles II., this affiliation would throw back the birth of S. G. O. more than two hundred years. As a matter of fact, Sidney Godolphin Osborne was not born until the year 1808, the peerage having, we believe, twice become extinct, and having been revived in the person of his father, a younger brother of one of the Dukes of Leeds, into which high rank it became merged on the accession of S. G. O.'s elder brother to the dukedom. The blood of Queen Anne's Lord High Treasurer—whom Mr. Arnold White curiously describes as Walpole's predecessor, which is true in the sense that he was not his successor—and of the Churchills mingled in the veins of S. G. O., who, with all his popular sympathies, was by no means unconscious of his rank and birth—a weakness which he shared, it may be remembered, with the Osbornes of Russell Square. S. G. O.'s clerical career was not decided by any constraining spiritual vocation. One day when they were out shooting together his father told him that he intended that he should take orders, and the lad acquiesced without any strong feeling one way or the other. He had no strong leaning to the religious life, but he had no actual repugnance to it. But he was never a theologian, and the care of the bodies of his people and regard for their temporal interests were more to his mind than spiritual things in the sense in which they are understood by men of emotional piety. His tastes, Mr. Arnold says, were for surgery and medicine, and he was the physician quite as much as the pastor of his people. When during the Crimean war he visited the hospital at Scutari, his skill and tenderness in dressing the wounds of the suffering soldiers, and his happiness in the relief which he was able to give, showed, perhaps, where his true vocation lay. Not that he can be said to have missed it in becoming a priest of the Church of England. His sense of the realities of life made him a plain and straightforward preacher, speaking directly without manuscript or notes to the people whom he saw before him, and whose characters and daily life he knew. This sense of reality gave, it is said, a striking solemnity to his death-bed ministrations, and his tenderness to the sick and suffering was that of the kind physician as well as of the spiritual adviser.

For the rest, he was an English country gentleman, proud of his understanding of the good points of a horse, and as fond of the amusements of his class as in the University days when he earned the name of "Galloping Osborne." It is possible that, if he could have chosen his own pursuits, medicine not being then considered a profession for a *filiius nobilis*, his adventurous temper and combative habit would have directed him to the career of a soldier, or, keenly interested as he was in social and political questions, to statesmanship. But no one can regret that his father's will destined him to the Church. His taste for medicine and surgery, and for those sciences which make homes healthy, coupled with a strong benevolence of soul, as usefully exercised in his own village as if it had driven him, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole, made him an admirable example of a not bad order of English clergyman—the squarson, as Bishop Wilberforce called it, or the squire blended with the parson. Though Wilberforce could appreciate this type of clergyman in the abstract, he did not much like it in the concrete. It was too secular to please him, and as Sidney Godolphin Osborne had a strong distaste for what he considered Wilberforce's sacerdotal pretensions, it is not strange that the two men felt little drawn to each other. What was adventurous in Osborne found vent in his controversies on public subjects. But even in these, as we have said, he never very far quitted the range of his own village experience. In education he would have taught the rustics to learn, first and principally, the things about them, instead of knocking their sublime heads against the stars, or pursuing Bathybius to his depths, or mastering the order of the kings of England; and in his doctrines of colonization he aimed at reproducing the village community by associated emigration. He was sometimes, no doubt, impetuous and wrong-headed; but, as a rule, his ardour was controlled by a sanity and sagacity seldom found among

philanthropists. His benevolence was never weakly cosmopolitan. It was home-bred, and respected the limits of its origin.

From 1841 to his retirement, in 1875, Osborne held the living of Durweston, in Dorsetshire, having previously been Rector of Stoke Pogis. If we were to argue from a single instance, we might suppose that Plato's doctrine of the State applied to the Church, and that the best clergymen are those who have become clergymen unwillingly. Probably the self-surrender which made Osborne accept cheerfully a vocation which was not of his own spontaneous choice was an instance of that devotion to duty which marked his career, and which has its parallel in countless parsonages of England:—

His plan of life [Mr. Arnold White says] was simple. It varied but little from day to day. The rectory at Durweston, where he passed the active period of his life, is one of those fair and quiet spots, surrounded with elms, old lawns, and quaintly cut yews which give a graceful setting to the leisure and occupations of so many English clergy. It will be an evil day when political changes obliterate from thousands of English villages these centres of refinement and religion. They have grown into the fabric of our national life, and have given to innumerable learned and holy men the opportunity of presenting an example of simple and consistent piety to their humble neighbours. The union of culture and simplicity spreads the contagion of refinement. The family life of our parsonages is one of the features of the Church of England least easily and the most unlikely to be replaced.

Perhaps it was as one of a multitude of good parsons, rather than in the labours of which these volumes are the records, that Sidney Godolphin Osborne did his best work. Judiciously selected, and elucidated by Mr. White's explanatory notes of time and circumstances, the letters of S. G. O. have a value of their own, historical now rather than controversial. The period they cover is bounded on one side by the administration of Sir Robert Peel, and on the other by that of Lord Salisbury, and there is scarcely a social topic agitated within these limits of time that they do not touch.

HOMER FIN DE SIÈCLE.*

CAREFUL readers of the *Saturday Review* will recollect that not many weeks ago it was our privilege to introduce to them a poet who had treated of Miltonic themes in Miltonic style and language, or—as charter-parties say—"so near thereto as he might safely get." An extremely modern Homer has now written, and himself published at Palmyra, New Jersey, U.S.A., a comparatively modern Iliad and Odyssey (in one), with all the delight in battle, and at more than all the length, which characterized his great predecessor. His name and style are Dr. Dunbar Hylton, and he has served a considerable apprenticeship in poesy, having contributed to his country's literature, not only that immortal work, *Betrayed*, but also *The Bride of Gettysburg*, *Above the Grave*, *The Præsidide*, *The Heir of Lyolynn*, *Lays of Ancient Times*, *Arteloise*, *Voices from the Rocky Mountains*, and other masterpieces, summarized on the title-page under a compendious " &c. &c." We trust that all our readers are familiar with some of these great works, and some of them with all.

The Sea-King consists of seven parts, and contains upwards of eleven thousand lines. It will not, therefore, be possible, within the limits of a cruelly brief notice, to do more than indicate some of its principal beauties, by a few references to its general scheme and a few excerpts from its flowing verse. The *Sea-King*, whose adventures, or whose somewhat lengthy recitals of his adventures, form the main thread of the narrative, came originally from the North, and rejoiced in the suitable name of *Sea-Wave*—unless, indeed, the real supporter of the title-part was one Orla, who was either the son, nephew, ward, or young friend of *Sea-Wave*, and who ultimately married Zillah, daughter of Saladin, and became a Sultan; but the former hypothesis is more plausible. He wandered about, having adventures, sometimes in enchanted islands, sometimes in England—he had relations, including, it is believed, a father, in the neighbourhood of Durham—and eventually in the Holy Land, where he had to do with the crusading kings of England and France, and also with Saladin. There was, further, a person whom we cannot quite make out. His name was Eno, and it is clear, from the table of contents, and from references after the event, that he was killed, and that he had been on *Sea-Wave's* side; but a careful search through Part VI., which is asserted to record "The Death of Eno," has failed to reveal any definite statement of how or why he came by his end. No doubt he was made into Fruit Salt. After the marriage of Orla and Zillah, to which reference has already been made, *Sea-Wave* gave them enormous quantities of good advice, and told them a rambling and very singular story concerning the later careers of Adam and Eve, and finally faded away, like King Arthur, "in a cool barge." Every now and then he was beset and assisted by the ghost of one Ulla, who had in an early part of the story lived alone with him, in defiance of propriety, upon a more or less magical island, and it seems probable that she travelled in the same barge. We regret to say that they do not appear to have been married.

The metre selected by Dr. Hylton for his epic has distinctive features. His lines invariably rhyme, generally in couplets, but with power to add to their number. Lines in the same neighbour-

* *The Sea-King: a Tale of the Crusade under Richard the First of England. In Seven Parts. By J. Dunbar Hylton, M.D., Author of "Betrayed" &c. &c. Palmyra, New Jersey: the Author.*

hood are, roughly speaking, of the same length. The number of feet in each is never less than eight, nor have we discovered any line consisting of more than fourteen, and there is no prejudice against odd numbers. Rhythm is kept in proper order—that is to say, the lines generally run more or less smoothly; but if it happens to be convenient, they have to run as best they can, while the proper number of feet is rigidly adhered to. Here is an instance of a very beautiful device of carrying over, where three lines have to be read in order to arrive at the proper result of eight feet to a line. It will be seen (on counting) that the total number of feet is twenty-four, or three times eight:—

While I | on the | lovely | being | gazed,
Smi | ling on | me, her | hand she | raised,
In | welcome | ; the warm | fair hand. |

A commonplace example of the same metre is:—

Lo ! coming night begins to scowl,
With gloom above its horrid howl.

The lady to whom the earlier extract refers was Ulla. They had a quarrel in which she cursed him:—

On his own head I bring the curse,
And would that I could make it worse.

Just before, speaking of herself, she has said

From her thou hast so foul betrayed,

which is a good example of stern determination to have the lines of the proper length, and no more. Once or twice our versatile poet is suggestive rather of Lewis Carroll than of Homer:—

But not a shout nor yet a word
I roared those sleeping seamen heard;
No kick, nor cuff, nor blow I dealt
It seemed those sleeping seamen felt.

But it is time to show Dr. Hylton in a battle-piece. This happened when he met a large (and hostile) black man with horns:—

I piecemeal hew his horrid form apart,
At length my sword splits wide his throbbing heart;
Then with a horrid groan the monster dies,
And on that floor a ghastly ruin lies.

And again:—

With sword in hand I on the dastard flew,
And his cursed form I did to atoms hew.

Sea-Wave is, of course, the speaker. On another occasion, when two murderers were about to kill the Soldan:—

Full on the neck of one the sword of Sea-Wave came,
And ere his head upon the floor had rolled,
Or did the gazers there the deed behold,
Through the other, from his crown unto his thighs,
Sea-Wave's bright flaming sword terrific flies.

There is also a fine fight with a person called Sigurd, who lived—or at any rate fought—in Orkney, and adopted the unsportsmanlike device of relying upon the assistance of no fewer than three of the remarkably large and ferocious lions with which those islands abound. While Sea-Wave and Sigurd fought, the lions flew at Sea-Wave. Having killed two, he contrived to throw the third under Sigurd's mace as he struck his last desperate stroke, whereupon,

With head and shoulders crushed, it died.

And so, immediately afterwards, did its master. Here is a last, and lighter, extract, to show Dr. Hylton in a comparatively playful mood:—

But, noble Moslem, I can't see
He much of wrong has done to thee;
He wooed thy daughter for his bride,
And thy harsh soul the mate denied;

To tell the truth, I cannot see
How anywise they've injured thee.
If I could meet some pleasing dame
I'd like to do the very same.

It is to be observed that the lines get longer as the poem goes on. If Dr. Hylton publishes seven more parts about Orin, or any one else—and there is really no sort of reason why he should not—we shall hope to see them conclude in lines of twenty-five syllables at least.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT is immaterial who "P. H. X." is; but nobody can read even a few pages of his book on the events which have led to the French protectorate of Tunis without seeing that he writes at any rate with full knowledge (1). There has probably been no piece of recent political history more solidly done than this; and it does not in the least interfere with its value that "P. H. X.," though a moderate man enough in language, entertains that curious and delightful conception of the representative of France as a kind of Ormuzd struggling against infinite Ahrimans (British Consul, of course, blackest and most demoniacal) which

(1) *La politique française en Tunisie.* Par P. H. X. Paris: Plon.

is innate in every good Frenchman. It may, indeed, be fairly urged that, when France was allowed to have Algeria, it was a mere matter of course that she should, some day or other, be allowed to round it off with Tunis, and that stipulations about the non-fortification of Biserta would have been as useless as such stipulations always are. As long as the Power subjected to them is not strong enough to break them, she will observe them, and so long they are of no value; as soon as the breach of them becomes really of importance, it must necessarily be because she is strong enough to break them, and then she will do so. "P. H. X.'s" account of, at least, the financial and administrative result of the French protectorate is glowing, and apparently well founded. But it was unkind of him to take the opportunity of reminding Frenchmen that they still pay about two millions a year sheer deficit for the privilege of possessing Algeria. "P. H. X." is very strong for the formation of a colonial army.

We have many times said many good things about M. Emile Faguet's criticism, and we can say more of his new volume (2), which contains studies of Joseph de Maistre, of Bonald, of Mme. de Staël, of Constant, of Royer-Collard, and of Guizot. These abound in acute remarks, both from the literary and the philosophical side, the studies of Joseph de Maistre and Benjamin Constant being in a good sense biographical and psychological, as well as formal. That on Royer-Collard, who was once a great name in England, but has now rather passed out of notice, and who is, perhaps, the most remarkable modern example of the academic politician, will probably be found to teach Englishmen most that is new to most of them. Mme. de Staël has been so much written about of late, that it is surely time for the good lady to go to rest again. That Guizot carried off with him aristocratic government is a proposition which might be combated in two ways, by suggesting that aristocracy, even when its place has apparently been taken by kakistocracy, has usually been found a sad John Barleycorn in its habits of resurrection, and by doubting very strongly whether Guizot himself was not much rather a champion of mediocrity than of "the best." Still all the essays are good. If we have a fault to find, it is one which, we think, we have found before—to wit, that M. Faguet is perhaps a little too copious. We have no knowledge whether these essays were originally delivered as lectures or not, but they bear some marks of it. It is almost inevitable, and perhaps is desirable, that the lecturer should water his subject down a little, should repeat and dilate and vary. But in print compression is better than expansion.

In four novels that we have before us there is nothing of the first interest. *Pour Suzanne* (3) and *Un simple* (4) are studies of provincial life. *Violette* (5) appears to be a "romancing" of the career of a well-known actress. M. Edmond's work has usually had originality in it, and there is some in *Paul Rocherebert* (6), but as a story it is not very interesting. One thing from *Violette* abides with us out of the four books. "Thibaut avait cent choses à dire et Germaine mille à cacher" is so good that it must surely have been said before.

It has been the fashion of late years in France to have series of school-books drawn up by persons more or less distinguished, and, so to speak, hashing portions of history, science, and what not, for a year's use. We need not criticize the practice, though we have no great fancy for it, and think it likely to tend, with many other modern fashions in teaching, rather to smattering than to sound education. M. Maspero's (7) name, however, is warrant that the present volume—devoted to Egyptian and Assyrian history—is done as well as it can be done.

Messrs. Heath of Boston (Mass.) have put out a series of cheap French readers, in which are included Vigny's *Le cachet rouge*, from the *Servitude et grandeur*, edited by M. Alcée Fortier; Musset's *Pierre et Camille*, edited by O. Super, and M. Anatole France's charming *Abeille*, edited by C. Le Bon. They will all serve their turn well enough. The same publishers produce a *Compendious French Grammar*, by Dr. Edgren, Professor of Modern Languages and Sanscrit—a wide profession.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THERE are certain things that cannot but fall to the writer, especially the Scottish writer, who takes up the subject of Scottish humour. He cannot avoid all reference to the gibes of the Southron. Thus we find the "jocking wi' defeeculty," the "surgical operation," Johnsonian sarcasms, and so forth, serving as stimulants to the introduction and comments of Mr. Robert Ford's *Thistledown* (Alexander Gardner), a book of "Scotch humour, character, folklore, story, and anecdote." This title, though a patriot's choice, is too suggestive of lightness and elegance. Much of the humour here collected is of the broadest and most obvious kind of pleasantry—so broad, in fact, that it may often, and pardonably, be missed, just as a large object, obstructively presented to the eye, is hard to see when it fills the

(2) *Politiques et moralistes du XIX^{ème} siècle.* Par Emile Faguet. Paris: Lecène et Oudin.

(3) *Pour Suzanne.* Par Jean Barancy. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Un simple.* Par Edouard Estaunié. Paris: Perrin.

(5) *Violette.* Par Charles Joliet. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Paul Rocherebert.* Par C. Edmond. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(7) *Lectures historiques.* Par G. Maspero. Paris: Hachette.

whole field of vision. Without disrespect to Mr. Ford, it must be said that many of the stories in *Thistledown* are merely "old Joes," or like unto them. Some of the best things in the book are the "Humours of Scottish Naturals," though this is a sad reflection upon the other humours, causing them and Mr. Ford's ascription of humour to all Scotsmen to appear a little un-natural. However, Mr. Ford writes in excellent spirits. He enters upon his task by denying humour to the English, which is only slightly more daring than his generous endowment of all Scotsmen. Dealing with Johnson, Mr. Ford tells us that "the Doctor frequently met his match, and got paid back in his own coin." But Mr. Ford has omitted to illustrate this point. We should be glad of any instances he may know. All he does adduce is a clumsy story (p. 143) that is obviously an illegitimate version of the delightful anecdote of the Lady, the Grotto, and the Toad. The unimpeachable evidence of Mr. James Boswell is wholly against Mr. Ford. Everybody remembers the rash encounter of the Edinburgh "wuts" at Holyrood, and the utter confounding of them by Johnson. Again, we believe that it was not "the London journalistic mind," but Mr. Gladstone, in a fit of Mid-Lothianism, who expressed the doubt whether Scotland or the other place—Heaven, we mean—was the "Land o' the Leal." The joke is too good to be disowned. But such slips as these are natural to the patriot-errant who tilts against the field for the honour of Scottish humour. There is plenty of entertainment, of another sort, in Mr. Ford's book. The pawky sayings of "Hawkie," a famous Glasgow beggar and preacher, are uncommonly rich in their way. The humours of the Kirk, the Bar, and the Bench, of beadles and sextons, and of the countryfolk, are all well represented. The epitaphs are by no means excellent, the humours of the Kirk far transcending those of the kirkyard. But "Hawkie" is a delightful character. Once, after an unproductive day, having laid him down by the roadside to rest, Hawkie heard the boys shouting as they passed, "Hawkie's drunk! Hawkie's drunk!" "An', man," remarked Hawkie, "my very heart was like to brak'. I was sae vex'd to think it wasna' true."

Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt's *Studies in Jocular Literature* (Elliot Stock), wanting the profuse illustration of the theme that Mr. Ford's book gives, is altogether less cheerful reading. Mr. Hazlitt's little volume offers but the skimming of a vast subject. The history of our popular jest-books and the antiquity of jokes are matters for an antiquary's research. Of Skogin, Skelton, Tarlton, Joe Miller, and so forth, Mr. Hazlitt's essay does treat, yet with slight illustration of the varied works of the professional "joke-wright"—to use the author's too suggestive term. "The jest," remarks Mr. Hazlitt, somewhat solemnly, "resembles a tree with many branches. It is couched in a wide variety of shapes—namely, the Riddle, the Epigram, the Apologue, or Tale, the Repartee, the Quibble, and the Pun." Surely the joke is as the sands of the sea. We are inclined to ask "Is this the mighty ocean—is this all?" To trace the origin of a joke is a pleasing exercise, and good is it to father a jest or conceit aright. Mr. Hazlitt's parallel columns are curious, and might be multiplied indefinitely. He shows, however, that Mr. Fitzgerald has almost succeeded in spoiling a witticism of Lamb's. But we might easily cap the example given at page 115. There is, for instance, in Fletcher's *Love's Pilgrimage* the joke of Lazaro, the cheating ostler, about the "whole ounce of oats" and the knowing horse. This amusing stable-talk is reproduced almost verbatim in Jonson's *New Inn*.

Taia: a Shadow of the Nile, by Marie Hutcheson (Eden, Remington, & Co.), is a charming and pathetic story of the self-sacrificing devotion of love. Taia, a beautiful maiden, is an emanation of the dawn, and her little life is bounded by one day, a day that opens with the beauty and freshness of the morning of innocent love, and ends with the ruddy sunset in tragedy. The conception is eminently that of a poet.

Mr. John Batty's essay, *The Spirit and Influence of Chivalry* (Elliot Stock), is an industrious though somewhat slight performance, and occupies little more than one-half of a small and scrappy volume. The illustrative extracts given are much too miscellaneous, being drawn with odd indifference from Wright or Gibbon and the magazines of the hour, from Lacroix or Hallam and the *Daily Telegraph*. The section devoted to artistic illustration of the subject, however, shows some research.

Friend Olivia, by Amelia E. Barr (Clarke & Co.), is a romance of the last days of the Commonwealth, in which some naughty "Malignants," good Puritans, and sore-afflicted yet inexpressibly noble Quakers play tolerably lively parts. Cromwell himself and George Fox are also figured, but their presentment is not particularly happy. But the story is interesting and well written, though the author does not seem to be aware how exasperating a folk the first Quakers were.

The new edition of *Poems*, by Mrs. Archer Clive (Longmans & Co.), includes, of course, the "IX. Poems by V." which so took the fancy of a *Quarterly Reviewer* half a century ago that he could find nothing but "old Greek" to express his emotion. But this was at the flattest season that English poetry has known since the sixteenth century. Now, for most people, these verses are merely interesting as the work of the author of *Paul Ferroll*.

A New Lady Audley, by Austin Fryers (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), should have been published a quarter of a century ago, when Miss Braddon's story had partly appeared in *Robin Goodfellow*, and was transferred to the *Sixpenny Magazine* and the circulat-

ing libraries. If much compressed it might then have passed as a "Prize Novel" in *Punch*.

What Will Mrs. Grundy Say? by Michael Rustoff (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.), describes a balloon voyage to the country of Euthanasians, where a superior kind of "modern science" obtains. A sad land, a dreary and intolerably dull book, whatever Mrs. Grundy may say.

Whitaker's Almanack for 1891 includes, we are glad to note, few new features or additional papers, for *Whitaker* is already a cherished and indispensable companion, and we rather dread the hand of the improver. The Astronomical Tables are now restored to their original position, instead of being relegated to a Supplement. This is well, for nothing is more proper to an almanack. The Greenwich temperature, sunshine record, and other meteorological notes, are not less excellent. For the rest, *Whitaker's Almanack* is the admirable manual of useful information which everybody has known it to be for many years past.

The Educational Annual for 1891 (Philip & Son) is a compact and handy guide and directory. It comprises lists, with full particulars, of Intermediate, Public, and Private Schools and Colleges, Technical Schools, &c., with statistics of Public Elementary Education, Voluntary and Board Schools, and much other information relative to educational matters.

Hart's Army List for 1891 (John Murray), the fifty-second annual volume, comprises full and explicit lists of the army, yeomanry, cavalry, militia, and Indian Civil Service, with dates of commission, and summary of war services of nearly every officer in the army, supply, medical, and other departments. The arrangement of this comprehensive book is in all respects excellent, and a complete index to the names facilitates reference.

Mr. Thomas Skinner's *Stock Exchange Year Book* has increased to more than four times its original size since 1875, when this useful and interesting annual handbook was first published. The figures cited by Mr. Skinner in the preface are even more eloquent of the growth of investments in recent years.

We have received the new Aldine edition of *Rogers's Poetical Works*, with portrait and memoir, by Edward Bell, M.A. (Bell & Sons); *Christian Types of Heroism*, by John Coleman Adams, D.D. (Boston: Universalist Publishing House); *Brief Sketches of C.M.S. Missions*, by Emily Headland (Nisbet); *Sir Thomas More's Utopia* (Cassell & Co.); *Gettysburg; and other Poems*, by Isaac Pennypacker (Philadelphia: Porter & Coates); *Elementary Grammar and Composition* (Blackwood & Sons); *Handbook for Readers in the Boston Public Library*, ninth edition; *Hints on the Art of Reading and Reciting*, by the Rev. C. Halford Hawkins (Hughes & Co.); and No. 1 of *Mothers in Council*, edited by Charlotte M. Yonge (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.).

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